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INCIDENTS OF PIONEER LIFE

IN

THE EARLY SETTLEMENT

OF THE

CONNECTICUT WESTERN RESERVE

BY

HARVEY RICE.

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CORB, ANDREWS & CO. PUBLISHERS.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

No attempt has been made in the following pages to write a history of the Connecticut Western Reserve, nor to sketch special notices of leading families and prominent individuals, who were identified with its early settlement.

The principal aim of the writer has been to portray such remarkable incidents in the experiences of the original pioneers of the Western Reserve as he has been able to gather from sources which seemed worthy of credence.

CLEVELAND, December 20th, 1880.

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INDIDENTS OF PIONEER LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

Western Reserve—Diplomacy of Gov. Winthrop—Charter from Charles II to the New Haven Colony—Its surrender demanded by James II—Hidden in a hollow Oak—Reproduced and Incorporated in the Constitution of Connecticut.

THERE are many incidents connected with the early settlement of the Connecticut Western Reserve, which possess an interest scarcely less seductive than the fascinations of romance. In fact they constitute what may be regarded as the romance of pioneer life, though founded in truth.

There is something truly sublime in the valorous spirit of the times, which led to the transformation of a remote wilderness into a land of beauty, wealth and social refinement. The early pioneers who contributed so largely to accomplish this result, exhibited in the midst of embarrassments, a degree of courage and perseverance, which not only challenges our admiration, but is worthy of the heroic ages.

The northern part of Ohio, known as the Western Reserve, embraces a territory containing nearly three and a half millions of acres. It

is so-called, because it was "reserved" as the rightful share of the State of Connecticut in the final adjustment of colonial land claims made by Congress between the states soon after the close of the revolution. It seems somewhat surprising however, that the little State of Connecticut should have succeeded in obtaining so large a share of the "spoils." But the fact shows that Connecticut, even in the age of her youth, was shrewd at a bargain—a peculiar trait of character which has "grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength." The truth is, she always did love land and liberty, and has always thought she could not have too much of either.

She began life by helping herself, and still continues the practice. Yet she abounds in good works, but has a policy of her own, and generally acts from motives of policy. As an evidence of her beneficence, she gave at an early day to such of her citizens as had lost their property by "fire and sword" in the revolution, five hundred thousand acres of her Western Reserve lands, since known as the "fire lands." This was a generous act, and a practical recognition of the "Golden Rule."

In acquiring title to her Western Reserve lands from the English crown in 1662, she resorted to a diplomacy not less artful than successful. She

was then known as the colony of New Haven, and had sympathized with Cromwell, in his efforts to establish a Protectorate on the ruins of the English monarchy.

In attempting to achieve power, Cromwell had sanctioned the execution of Charles I, and sought to exterminate Charles II, on the battle-field, who adroitly evaded pursuit by springing into the branches of an oak, and hiding himself within its dense foliage. In a few years afterward, the death of Cromwell, in connection with the speedy downfall of the Protectorate, resulted in restoring Charles II to the throne, who hated the memory of Cromwell with a hatred so intense that he ordered his dead body to be disinterred, hanged and buried under the gallows.

The colonists, though fearing their sympathies with Cromwell had prejudiced the King against them, did not despair of obtaining from his Majesty a grant of more land and liberty. They therefore proceeded at once to acknowledge their allegiance to Charles II. They then prepared the draft of such a charter as they desired, and delegated their shrewdest diplomatist, Gov. Winthrop, to visit England, present it to the King, and request his approval and royal signature.

The Governor accepted the mission, proceeded to England, obtained an informal interview with the King, and, by way of introducing the subject

of his mission, exhibited a rich, massive gold finger-ring which the King's father, Charles I, had bestowed, in his lifetime, on the father of Gov. Winthrop, as a mark of honor, for valuable political services. This unexpected exhibition of the ring touched the heart of Charles, and moved him to tears, when Winthrop, availing himself of the golden moment, presented the charter and requested the royal approval and signature, which were readily and graciously accorded. The Governor then returned to New Haven, bearing the charter with a feeling of gratified pride, which was enthusiastically reciprocated by the colonists.

By the liberal terms of the charter the colonists acquired not only enlarged political rights and liberty, but all the territory lying between the same parallels of latitude with the domain of the colony, and extending westward from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Neither party had any just conception at that time, of the vast quantity of land embraced in the grant. Its sweeping boundaries, however, were afterwards reduced by conflicting claims to the comparatively narrow limits of what is now known as the "Western Reserve."

When Charles II was succeeded by James II, the new monarch attempted to adopt a restrictive policy in reference to the New Haven

Colonists ; and, as a preliminary step, appointed Andross to the governorship of New England, and directed him not only to assume authority over the New Haven Colony, but to demand a surrender of its charter which had been so graciously granted by his royal predecessor.

Gov. Andross, fearing opposition, marched on Hartford, where the Colonial Assembly was in session, with a military force of seventy men, and demanded with an imperious air, the surrender of the charter, which was promptly produced and laid on the table. The moment this was done, the Assembly commenced an animated debate on the question of its surrender. The discussion continued until nightfall, when lights were sent for and brought. But when the lights appeared, the charter had disappeared. Its sudden abstraction was a mystery, and produced a sensation. Not a soul could be found who could explain the matter; and thereupon amid confusion the Assembly adjourned.

In due time, however, after all danger of losing the charter had passed, a man known as Capt. Wardsworth, a patriotic Colonist, disclosed the fact that while the Assembly was sitting in darkness, awaiting the lights, he seized the charter, sprang out of the open window, and concealed it in the hollow trunk of a sturdy old oak which

stood but a little distance from the Legislative Hall in which the Assembly was convened.

This has ever been regarded as an adroit feat. It had the effect to preserve, intact, what the Colonists most loved—the charter of their land and of their liberties. In fact, the Colonists revered this charter, and when Connecticut became a State, she adopted it as her Constitution.

The hollow oak in which the charter was hidden, acquired a wonderful fame from this incident, became a shrine of liberty, and was reverently visited by thousands of pilgrims. It stood erect until within a few years, unconscious of its own fame and the homage it received, when it was rudely assailed by a violent storm, and heroically fell in battle with the elements. It was indeed a “brave old oak,” worthy the puritanic soil in which it grew. In years, while it was yet standing, the writer of these pages had the gratification of paying it a reverential visit, and of plucking from its diadem a leaf which he still preserves as a precious memento of its history.

The oak has come to be regarded as a patriotic emblem. In ancient times, it was revered as a “sacred tree.” The Druids believed in its divine powers. History has proved that it possesses a saving power. It saved the life of Charles II, and preserved within its heart the true principles

of American freedom. It bequeathed to England her royal "hearts of oak," and to America her "tree of liberty."

"Though girt with forests and a mountain chain,
Whose slopes and glens, and secret caverns dark,
Had ever been the red man's wild domain,
The Pilgrims clung to hope's expiring spark,
And struggled with their foes, and set the mark
Of empire there on Ocean's circling strand,
And, like the chosen few who left the ark,
Went forth to scatter blessings through the land,
And rear the 'tree of liberty' with fostering hand."

CHAPTER II.

The Eries—Ship Griffin—French and English Trade and Strife—
Pontiac at Detroit—His Stratagem discovered—Cannibal
Feast—Major Campbell seized, assassinated, and his re-
mains mutilated—Col. Rodgers succeeds him.

THE Indians, prior to the organization of Connecticut as a State, had occupied what is now called the Western Reserve for unknown centuries, and were in fact the rightful proprietors of the entire Western Wilderness. The tribe known as the "Eries" were a warlike race, who occupied the Southeastern borders of Lake Erie, and from whom the Lake takes its name. At an early period, they attacked the "Five Nations" of New York, suffered an indiscriminate slaughter, and, as a race, soon afterwards became extinct. Their principal record is that of the mounds which still exist in considerable numbers along the southerly shore-lands of the Lake. The Eries were succeeded by fragmentary tribes of other Indian races.

It is not certain at what date white men first

visited this region of country. But it is known that as early as 1679, LaSalle, a French adventurer, launched on the waters of Lake Erie a vessel of 60 tons burden, which he named the "Griffin." He built the vessel at a point near Buffalo, and coasted along the southerly shore with a view to the fur trade with the aborigines, and doubtless intended to continue his voyage to the Upper Lakes.

As the "Griffin" with her sails spread to the breeze approached the Lake coast of the Western Reserve, the natives were stricken with astonishment at the grotesqueness of the sudden apparition, and believed it to be a white-winged demon sent from the clouds by the Great Spirit to chastise, or devour them. As the vision seemed to them partly to walk and partly fly on the water, they feared it might do the same thing on land, and becoming greatly frightened, fled into the wilderness and hid themselves in its dark recesses, and thus failed to reap the advantages of a friendly commerce. The "Griffin" continued on her voyage up the Lake, and was soon afterward lost in a storm. But, at a subsequent period, when the French had established trading posts at different points along the Lake coast, the Indians were not long in overcoming their native timidity, nor were they slow in comprehending the avaricious motives of the white traders. The

lessons, thus learned, soon made them adepts in practicing the "tricks of trade," and often an overmatch in the metaphysical subtiles of logic.

The English soon followed the French in establishing commercial intercourse with the Indians along the entire coast line of the great chain of the Northwestern Lakes. This fact, in connection with other movements, aroused the suspicions of the Indians, and induced them to believe that the white race intended ultimately to exterminate the red race, and occupy the entire country. This state of feeling on the part of the Indians contributed largely to produce the outbreak of hostilities, in 1763, known as the "Pontiac war."

Pontiac was a bold and daring Chief, and possessed of great tact and influence. He, in conspiracy with other tribes occupying the region west of the Cuyahoga River, attacked several of the English trading posts and massacred their garrisons. He even threatened to exterminate every Englishman who had intruded within the limits of his wild domains. He was, however, a true friend of the French, though an implacable enemy of the English. He was as deceitful as he was bold and brave. He made an attempt to misguide the commander of the English forces when marching on Detroit with a view to dislodge the French from the fort. But the English succeeded in expelling the French, and in detailing a small

force in command of Major Gladwyn, to maintain possession and strengthen the fortifications.

Pontiac whose warriors were encamped in the vicinity of Detroit, conceived the idea of retaking the fort by stratagem. He contrived to send a message to Major Gladwyn that he and a select few of his warriors desired to hold a council with him at the fort, on the next day, with a desire to adjust difficulties and brighten the "chain of peace." The request was cheerfully granted. In the meantime, Pontiac had selected his favorite braves who were to accompany him, and directed them to saw off their rifles so as to conceal them under their blankets, and at a given sign during the session of the council to rise and massacre the entire garrison.

It so happened that on the evening previous to holding the council, an Indian woman, who had been employed by Major Gladwyn to make him a pair of elk skin moccasins, was admitted into the fort to return the moccasins with the remaining part of the skin, and receive her pay. The Major was so well pleased with the moccasins, that after paying for them, he requested the woman to retain the remnant of the skin and make him another pair. It was observed that she took the remaining part of the skin with apparent reluctance. When she reached the gate of the fort which opened on the river, she lin-

gered, and seemed unwilling to proceed; the guard inquired the reason, but received no satisfactory reply. He then reported her to the Major, who ordered her into his presence and demanded to know why she lingered at the gate. She replied that she had been treated kindly, knew that he valued the elk skin, and therefore did not wish to take it away with her as she "could never return it." The commandant thought this a strange reason, and demanded an explanation. The Indian woman, after being assured of her personal safety, disclosed the nefarious plot which Pontiac had devised to be carried into execution the next day at the council. The woman was then dismissed from the fort, but the commandant, though discrediting the story, deemed it prudent to see that the garrison was "forewarned and forearmed."

The next day, May 9th, 1763, prompt to the hour appointed for holding the council, Pontiac appeared at the gate of the fort, accompanied by a band of his favorite warriors, and was admitted. They were all seated on the ground in a circle and in presence of commandant Gladwyn. Pontiac seemed surprised to see the men of the fort with arms in their hands, and inquired the cause. He was then assured that such was the customary practice. Pontiac with a manifest look of distrust then commenced the proceedings

of the council by an impassioned harangue in which he professed a sincere friendship for the English ; but when he arrived at the point at which the ominous sign was to be given, he gave his warriors, to their astonishment, a sign denoting silence, and when he had concluded his harangue, sat down with an air of cool indifference.

The commandant then approached the circle of Indian warriors, opened the folds of several of their blankets, and thus exposed their short rifles as evidence of their treachery, when, turning to Pontiac, he accused him of insincerity and a murderous design, and then ordered him and his warriors to depart without the least delay, and be thankful that their lives had been spared them. The moment they saw the gate of the fort opened, they took to their heels and rushed out with all possible speed, and when at a safe distance, turned and fired on the fort, accompanying the act with an unearthly war-whoop.

These savage fiends, while on their way to camp, murdered an English woman and her two sons, who resided in a cabin on the commons, scalped them, and then made soup of a part of the woman, and invited a friendly Frenchman to partake of the repast with them, and when the feast was concluded, asked him if he knew what he had eaten? He said he supposed it a soup made of deer-meat. They then told him the

truth of the matter, when he nearly fainted at the shock the information gave him.

Pontiac, encouraged by the aid of a French faction, made every effort in his power to destroy the English settlements and demolish the fort of Detroit. He directed his warriors to shoot blazing arrows into the chapel and other buildings with a view to produce a general conflagration, and thus drive out the English and destroy the garrison. During the siege, the Indians attempted to make a breach in the pickets, when the commandant of the fort, by way of stratagem, ordered his men to aid the savages by breaking into the pickets on the inside in the same direction; but took care to place a cannon loaded with grape-shot pointing directly in the line of the fiends as they should enter the fort. The breach was soon effected. The Indians began to rush in a solid body into the fort, yelling and brandishing their tomahawks and scalping knives, when the cannon was discharged, cutting a wide furrow through their entire line. The slaughter was fearful. The survivors, panic-stricken, turned and fled in every direction.

Directly after this occurrence, Major Campbell was placed in command of the fort. The siege was still continued with various successes and disasters on the part of both the English and the Indians. Pontiac finally succeeded by strategy in

securing the person of Campbell, and proposed to spare his life and set him free, if he would surrender the fort. This he peremptorily refused to do. He was soon afterwards assassinated by a revengeful Indian. The assassin, with a few other Indians, who approved the act, disemboweled their victim, boiled and ate his heart, and then skinned his arms and made pouches of the skin. The treacherous deed, however, was condemned by Pontiac, who would have slain the assassin, had he not effected his escape. In the meantime, Col. Rodgers had assumed the command of the fort, and for months, night and day, employed every man and servant of the garrison in guarding the ramparts and in watching the movements of the crafty Indians, until reinforcements, long expected, could arrive and relieve him from the imminent danger to which he was exposed.

CHAPTER III.

Gen. Bradstreet's expedition—Destroys Indian Villages—Protects Detroit—Is censured—Retires in disgust with his troops—Suffers shipwreck near the mouth of Rocky River—Relics found—Dr. Kirtland.

THE English had been dispossessed of most of their military posts in the region of the Lakes by the allied forces of the French and Indians, prior to the arrival of Gen. Bradstreet. The fort of Detroit was one of the few remaining forts held by the English. This fort contained supplies of great value, and commanded the entrance to the upper Lakes. It was therefore important that the English should maintain the siege, though the attempt at this time seemed almost hopeless.

The English government sent out a reinforcement consisting of three thousand men in command of Gen. Bradstreet, who embarked his troops in open boats at Niagara, late in the summer of 1764, and on his voyage up the Lake, landed a detachment of his troops at Saudusky Bay, burned the villages, and destroyed the corn-

fields of the hostile Indians in that vicinity and along the valley of the Maumee River, and then proceeded with his entire force to Detroit. His arrival discouraged the enemy from making further attempts to maintain the siege, and induced the French and their Indian allies to conclude a treaty of peace on the terms offered them. Pontiac felt chagrined, and refused to take any part in the negotiation, though earnestly solicited, and very soon retired to the valley of the Illinois River, where he was assassinated about the year 1767, by an Indian belonging to his own tribe.

Not long after the treaty had been concluded, a serious disaffection occurred between Gen. Bradstreet and his superior in command, growing out of a severe censure pronounced by the latter on the conduct of the former. Gen. Bradstreet regarded the censure as entirely unjust, and feeling highly indignant, he withdrew his troops, some eleven hundred men, who were then with him in Detroit, and without even waiting to recall his scouts, re-embarked with a view to return to Niagara. On his voyage down the Lake he encountered a violent storm, and in order to save himself and the lives of his troops, he directed his pilot, who was a Frenchman, to steer for shore at the first practicable point where they could safely land. The pilot either from ignorance or treachery, conducted the flotilla against a rock-

bound coast a few miles west of Rocky River, and not far from Cleveland. The result was the shipwreck of all the boats with the loss of nearly all the troops.

The survivors, after the storm had subsided, gathered from the wreck such provisions and arms as they could find, and with such preparations as they could make, undertook to accomplish the remaining distance, some two hundred miles, to Niagara, by traveling on foot along the line of the Lake shore through an unbroken wilderness. In doing this, they suffered untold hardships, while many of them died on the way. It is said that the forlorn appearance of the few, who finally reached their destination, "beggars description."

The precise spot on the Lake shore where the shipwreck occurred is not known; but judging from relics which have from time to time been found along the beach since this country has been settled, it is evident that this unfortunate disaster must have happened at a little distance west from the junction of Rocky River with the Lake. It is probable that the pilot intended to enter that river with the flotilla entrusted to his guidance, and that he, through stress of weather, rather than through ignorance or treachery, failed in the attempt.

How many lives were lost is not known; but

the number must have been very great as would seem from the remaining old grave-pits, which are still visible at different points on the bank of the Lake in the vicinity of the disaster. A great many relics have been picked up on the sand-beach, which have from time to time drifted ashore, or been denuded by the action of the waves. In fact, the citizens resident in that neighborhood are still finding more or less of these relics. They consist of a great variety of articles, such as silver spoons, knives and forks, bayonets, sword blades, gun barrels, flints, stocks and trimmings, and also French and English coins of gold, silver and copper, some bearing date as far back as the year 1714; and some in 1717, in 1749, and in 1764. In addition to these, other relics have been found, such as a surgeon's amputating knife, musket balls, cannon balls, bolts and rings, Indian amulets, an iron tomahawk so constructed as to furnish a smoking pipe as well as a deadly weapon, and also fragments of boat timber. It was reported by the survivors that the flotilla was armed with six pieces of brass cannon, which were lost here in the wreck, including an iron box or chest filled with gold and silver coin. It is quite probable that the brass cannon and the treasure-box still lie embedded in the sand-beach, and may yet be discovered. It will be a piece of rare good luck

for him who is so fortunate as to find the treasure-box.

For what is already known in respect to this shipwreck and the relics which have been found and collected, the public is largely indebted to the indefatigable researches and industry of the distinguished naturalist, Dr. Jared P. Kirtland, late of Rockport, deceased. He was a man of whom Ohio, and every friend of science, may well be proud. He loved Nature and held divine communication with her. From her teachings he derived a degree of wisdom which few men have ever attained. In the department of medical science, he excelled as a professional lecturer and practitioner. Yet he led a modest and unostentatious life, never displaying his learning from motives of vanity, but rather suppressing it. He loved his many friends, and received them with the kindest cordiality. The simplicity of his manners and the traits of his character were truly beautiful. In a word, he lived like a philosopher, and died like a philosopher. And now—

“He walks with God the stellar deep,
Where tides of light unbounded sweep.”

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CHAPTER IV.

Boyhood of Brady and Girty—Subsequent Life—Brady captured by the Indians—Condemned to be burned—Escapes—Hotly pursued—Marvelous Leap—Brady's Lake—Rejoins his friends.

Capt. Samuel Brady was one of the most remarkable men known to the traditional history of western frontier life. When but a child the death of his father and mother deprived him of a home, when he was placed in the family of one of his father's relatives in the western part of Pennsylvania. The family in which he was received had previously adopted a young lad as a son, whose name was Simon Girty. Brady and Girty were nearly of the same age, and as they grew to manhood came to regard each other as brothers. They were bred in the wilderness and accustomed to hardships. They loved excitement, and were ever ready to engage in bold and reckless adventures.

About the time they became of age, the Indians made an unexpected incursion on the small set-

tlement where they resided, and cruelly massacred nearly every family within its limits. But as it happened both Brady and Girty succeeded in making their escape; but in their flight they took different directions, and finally became denizens, at different localities, in the great northwestern wilderness. In the course of a few months, Brady was selected and made captain of a brave band of civilized traders and adventurers, and Girty the chief of several Indian tribes. They adapted themselves to their new relations in life, and, in after years, often met in battle as chieftains of their respective forces without recognition. The results on both sides were often as disastrous as successful. Hence both were regarded as invincible chieftains. In fact, Brady became the "terror" of the Indians, while Girty became the "scourge" of the white settlements.

In or about the year 1780, Brady with a small force of twenty men undertook to "steal a march" on the Indian villages at Sandusky, but was waylaid by a party of Indians lying in ambush in the vicinity of Kent, in Summit County, near a small Lake now known as "Brady's Lake," where after a sharp fight, all his force, with the exception of himself and one man, were killed. He and his surviving "companion in arms" took to their heels and sought safety in the dense forest. But the Indians, knowing Brady and desiring to cap-

ture him alive, if possible, pursued him with their united forces and soon succeeded in making him their prisoner. They disarmed him, bound his hands behind his back, and proceeded with him, at once, to the Indian villages at Sandusky. When the party with their prisoner arrived at the villages, there was a universal demonstration of joy among the Indians.

Preparations were at once made for his execution by "fire and fagot," and all the neighboring tribes of that region were invited to attend and participate in the cruel festivities of the occasion. In the meantime, though unbeknown to Brady, his manly appearance had won the sympathies of a young Indian maiden, who was the daughter of a distinguished chief, and who appealed to her father to spare the captive's life. Her appeal was met by a severe rebuke.

On the day appointed, thousands of "plumed warriors" with their women and children appeared and surrounded the funeral pyre to which the prisoner was bound, awaiting the application of the torch. At this moment the prisoner recognized, in the circle of chiefs that surrounded him, the companion of his boyhood whom he had loved as a brother, Simon Girty, disguised as an Indian chief, and to whom he appealed to save his life. But Girty, more of a savage than his savage associates, turned a "deaf ear," and with

cool indifference refused to listen to the appeal, though sufficiently pathetic to have melted the heart of a stone.

The torch was applied. The flames soon rose like billows, surging around the victim, when the sympathizing Indian maiden, in a moment of frenzy, rushed towards him with the design to release him, or die in the attempt.

The fire had already weakened the cords with which the victim was bound, and being entirely unaware of the maiden's kind intentions, and writhing in agony, he sundered the bands that bound him, sprang forward, seized the maiden, flung her into the midst of the consuming flames, and then ran for "dear life" into the adjoining forest. This sudden and unexpected feat in connection with the unearthly screams of the maiden so paralyzed the Indians with astonishment, that a considerable time elapsed before they could comprehend the matter, or rescue the maiden from her perilous condition. This delay enabled Brady to penetrate the forest to a considerable distance before the Indians could rally and commence pursuit. The Indians, however, soon rallied and gave chase on the track of their escaped victim, inspired by a merciless spirit of revenge. Brady expected pursuit, and though weakened by the tortures he had suffered, sped before his pursuers like an antelope. The Indians

raised the "war-cry" and quickened their strides as they ran.

On the second day of the pursuit, as night approached, the Indians came in sight of their victim. They attempted to surround him, but in the darkness of nightfall he eluded them. But soon afterwards, the full moon arose in such splendor as to render it easy to see and be seen at considerable distances beneath the shadows of the trees. The Indians in the meantime had lost the track of their victim, and were delayed in their endeavors to regain it until broad daylight the next day.

Brady had now reached the vicinity of the Cuyahoga River, a distance of nearly one hundred miles, after traveling day and night for nearly forty-eight hours, when he sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree to take a few moments rest; but hearing a faint sound in the air, and putting his ear close to the ground, Indian-like, he at once recognized the near approach of his savage pursuers, and in a few minutes more saw them coming in full chase directly towards him. The moment he sprang to his feet, the bloodthirsty savages discovered him and sounded the "war-whoop" with a terrific yell, and quickened their speed with the expectation of capturing him on the banks of the Cuyahoga River, which they would soon reach. The land descended somewhat in the direction of the river. This fact

enabled Brady to increase the speed of his flight, and when he reached the yawning chasm in the rocks through which the river flows, though dark, deep, and twenty feet wide, he leaped the gulf at a bound, and soon disappeared in the distance on the other side. The Indians followed close upon his heels, and when they reached the fearful gulf and saw that he had leaped it and disappeared, they were struck dumb with amazement, and came to the conclusion that he was the favorite of the Great Spirit, who had given him wings to elude their grasp. This belief induced most of the Indians to abandon further pursuit, and to return to their villages at Sandusky, while a few of them, less credulous, resolved to cross the river and, if possible, recapture the fugitive.

The few Indians who continued the pursuit, after crossing the river, discovered the blood-stained footprints which the lacerated feet of Brady had left behind him, and following the direction found that he had reached the shore of a small inland lake at no great distance from the river. His last footstep indicated that he had entered the lake. They traversed the entire circuit of the lake, but could discover no other evidence of his direction. They then concluded that he had undertaken to swim the lake and was drowned in the attempt. Believing this to be the fact, they gave up further search as useless, and

sat down together on the trunk of an aged tree which had fallen into the lake, leaving its massive upturned roots still clinging to the bank, and beneath which Brady had secreted himself. He had craftily deceived his pursuers as to his direction by leaving his last footprint on the sand beach at some distance away, and swimming thence to his hiding place. Here he overheard the conversation of the Indians, while they were sitting on the fallen tree directly over him, and to his great joy learned that they had given up all hope of finding him, and would now return to Sandusky. They soon started, and when they had passed beyond sight and hearing, Brady emerged from his hiding place and congratulated himself on his "hair-breadth escape." He soon reached a neighboring white settlement, and after recovering from the effects of his exhaustion and severe sufferings, rejoined his friends on the frontier, who at once restored him to the captaincy. His bitter experiences had increased his hatred of Indians, and led him to renew with more zeal than ever his desultory warfare with them along the entire line of the western frontier. This he lived to do for many years with success. The rocky chasm over which he leaped, and the lake where he hid himself, will doubtless remain for all time as monuments to his memory; the one being known as "Brady's Leap," and the other as "Brady's Lake." Such is fame.

CHAPTER V.

Origin of Moravian Missions—Early Efforts—Driven from Huron River—Station at Tinker's Creek—Compelled to leave—Attempt to stop at Black River—Ordered to depart—Find refuge in Canada.

THE Moravians were the first Missionaries who penetrated the wilds of the Western Reserve. They derive their name from Moravia, a province of Austria, and were originally organized as a Christian Society under the name of "United Brethren," by Count Zinzendorf, who became their Bishop. Zinzendorf was born a religious enthusiast, and as he grew to manhood, became a man of great wealth and influence. When but a child, and so soon as he had learned to write, he often addressed letters to Jesus Christ, and flung them out of the window upon the wings of the wind, believing that they would be wafted up to Heaven and be read by his Divine Master, and answered by a letter in return.

While in the prime of manhood, Zinzendorf, as early as 1741, visited North America, accompanied by his daughter, who was then but sixteen years of age, and with her assistance, succeeded in establishing several missions among the Indian tribes, remained two years, and then returned with his daughter to Europe. In his own country his followers soon became numerous, and were generally inspired with a missionary spirit, and especially with a desire to convert the Indians of the Western World to Christianity.

Among the many of his adherents, who engaged in this benevolent and philanthropic work, were the two heroic apostles, Zeisberger and Heckewelder. They were admirably fitted from education and a natural love of adventure to "fight the good fight of Faith" in the western wilderness. They were not less morally brave than enthusiastic, and trusted in God, knowing no fear except the "fear of God." While they took their lives in their hands in their intercourse with the Indians, they carried with them no ready weapons of defense, except the "Sword of the Spirit." They commenced their missionary labors among the Indians, about the year 1770, and devoted themselves to this benevolent enterprise for the period of a half century or more. During the Revolutionary war with Great Britain, they were subjected, at times, to untold

hardships, and imminent dangers in their association with the various Indian tribes, who were, in many instances, hostile to each other, being in alliance either with the English, or with the Americans. The missionaries were generally received by the Indians as divine messengers sent to them by the Great Spirit; and in consequence of their familiarity with the Indians, they soon acquired their language and a controlling influence over most of them, and especially their chiefs. It was for this reason, that Gen. Washington often employed one or other of the missionaries to assist him in securing treaties and friendly relations with the Indians, in behalf of the American Government.

There were other Moravians engaged with Zeisberger and Heckewalder in promoting the cause of Christian Missions among the western Indians. They all acted in concert, and thus succeeded in dotting the wilderness here and there with missionary stations, and in gathering about them, if not in converting, a considerable number of their dusky disciples, whom they partially fed and clothed, and who, for inducements of this kind, if for no other reasons, became attached to the missionaries, and were ready to follow them either "through good or evil report."

The town of Bethlehem, Pa., was founded by a colony of Moravians as early as 1741, and was

regarded as the headquarters of Indian missions. Zinzendorf in his visit to America approved the selection of this locality, and called the land which was purchased the "Nazareth Tract." A mission house, school house and work shop were the first buildings which this Christian colony erected. No purer, better or holier Christian men and women ever graced the face of the earth than those early colonists. Even the neighboring graveyard where they now sleep, quaint, moss-grown, and singular as its prostrate marble tablets may appear, has an air of sanctity thrown about it, which still recalls the Christian purity and simplicity of other days.

When the Indian war commenced the missionaries were subjected to indignities and many perplexing embarrassments. Zeisberger and Heckewelder had established several promising missions, at different points, on the rivers and lakes of the western wilderness, among which was the mission at Huron river on Lake Erie. Here they had gathered "into the fold" some fifty or more converted Indians; but were so persecuted by the unconverted war chiefs in the vicinity, that they, in the spring of 1786, were compelled with their converts to abandon the station.

They procured two small vessels at Detroit, and, taking their converts on board, prayerfully com-

mitted themselves to the "tender mercies" of Lake Erie, with a view to "pitch their tents" somewhere on the banks of the Cuyahoga river in the Western Reserve; but, before they reached the river, they were overtaken by a terrific storm, which compelled them to return to the island near Sandusky for shelter. Here they remained until the storm had abated, when one of their vessels was withdrawn by the owner. This was to them an unexpected occurrence, and placed them in a dilemma. What next to do they hardly knew; but "where there is a will there is a way."

They then placed about half the party on board the remaining vessel, including the women, children and luggage. The vessel was so crowded as to render the condition of passengers almost unendurable. The remainder of the party were left in the woodlands on shore, in a nearly destitute condition, and with but a small supply of provisions. They resolved, however, to follow their brethren, wives and children. In order to effect this, some traversed the Lake shore on foot, while others constructed rude canoes and proceeded by water. It so happened that the entire company arrived at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River on the same day.

They then, after uniting in a brief religious service, proceeded together in charge of their apos-

tolic leaders, Zeisberger and Heckewelder, up the river as far as "Tinker's Creek," where the French had established a trading post which they had recently abandoned. Here the missionary pilgrims "pitched their tents," and named the place "Pilgrim's Rest." They probably arrived in June. Here they cleared more land, ploughed, sowed and expected to reap. They also built for themselves cabins, and a chapel in which they held public worship. At their first meeting in the chapel, they celebrated the "Lord's Supper." In the fall, Heckewelder left the community and returned to Bethlehem. A Moravian brother by the name of Edwards supplied the vacancy caused by his absence.

In the course of the ensuing winter, it was discovered by Edwards and Zeisberger, that the Indians of the vicinity had become hostile, and that their chief had threatened to exterminate every man, woman and child belonging to the mission. This alarming threat induced the spiritual leaders of the mission to remove as soon as practicable with their converts to Black River, about twenty miles west from the Cuyahoga. This occurred early in the spring of the next year after they had located at "Pilgrim's Rest," where they had ploughed and sowed, expecting to reap, but did not reap; and where they had sought rest, but found none.

They had remained at Black River but three days, when the Indian chief, who was the potentate of that region, ordered them to depart without delay. Feeling that they had not "where to lay their heads," these Christian pilgrims of the forest took their departure, and returned to their former location on Huron River. Here they found that a change had come over their "dreams" of security. This induced them to continue their wanderings into the friendly dominions of Canada, where they were received with kindness and with true Christian sympathy.

If we may judge from the efforts which have from time to time been made to civilize and Christianize the aborigines of our great western wilderness, it would seem that all such efforts have hitherto failed to produce favorable results of a permanent character. The truth is, the Indian was born of the forest and for the forest. He therefore loves his native freedom with an instinctive love, which admits of no artificial restraint. He cannot comprehend the subtleties of a Christian theology. He believes in the protection and guidance of the Great Spirit whose infinite power he sees displayed in the works of Nature, and whom he worships at the altars of Nature. He regards the Great Spirit as his divine Father, who will safely conduct him, when he dies, into the happy hunting grounds which

lie far away beyond the golden boundaries of the
setting sun.

“His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven.”

CHAPTER VI.

Surveyors arrive at Conneaut, July 4th, 1796—Celebrate the day
—Stowe's Castle—Indian Council—Reply of Gen. Moses
Cleaveland—Pipe of Peace—Mutual Gifts—The surveys
allowed.

THE wilds of the Western Reserve, and in fact the entire western frontier, had been penetrated at different points by English and French traders, and other bold adventurers, a good number of years, previous to the arrival of the surveyors. They were a class of men not only fond of adventure, but men stimulated by a "love of lucre," and therefore sought to monopolize the Indian traffic. In doing this, they unconsciously prepared the way for the ingress of a Christian civilization.

The State of Connecticut, sold her Western Reserve lands, in 1795, to a company of her own citizens, known as the Connecticut Land Company, for one million and two hundred thousand dollars. This Company consisted of

forty-eight of her most wealthy and reliable citizens. The avails arising from the sale were placed in the State treasury and made a permanent school fund, the interest of which is annually appropriated to the support of her public schools, and is said to be sufficient to sustain them without aid from taxation. This disposition of the lands has resulted in educational benefits which cannot be over estimated.

The Connecticut Land Company, soon after their purchase, sent to the Western Reserve an organized party of surveyors, with a view to allot the lands and place them in the market. The party consisted of Moses Cleaveland, general agent of the Land Company; Augustus Porter, principal surveyor; Seth Pease, astronomer and surveyor; Moses Warren, Amos Spofford, Milton Hawley and Richard M. Stoddard, assistant surveyors; Joseph Stowe, commissary; Theodore Shepard, physician, and Joseph Tinker, principal boatman. The surveyors were accompanied by some forty individuals, who came as immigrants with a view to settlement. There were but two married men who brought with them their wives, and these were the only women belonging to the party. They all came by way of the lakes in open boats, and landed on the eastern bank of Conneaut Creek, in Ashtabula County, on the fourth of July, 1796, and named it "Port Independence."

They arrived at an early hour, moored their boats, thanked God for his paternal care, and then resolved to "celebrate the day." As it happened the day was remarkably pleasant, and the air bracing. They proceeded at once to extemporize the necessary preparations for the celebration, and appointed Gen. Moses Cleaveland president of the day. A rustic table was soon constructed, and made to groan with the "luxuries of the season," consisting of bread, pork and beans, with a sufficiency of the "ardent" to prevent injury from indiscreet "potations" of cold water.

They partook of the feast with a keen relish, and when they had relieved the table of its burden, they announced the toasts, and called for speeches, in due order. The standing toasts were arranged as follows: 1st. "The President of the United States." 2nd. "The State of New Connecticut." 3d. "The Connecticut Land Company." 4th. "May Port Independance and the fifty sons and daughters who have entered it this day, be successful and prosperous." 5th. "May these sons and daughters multiply in sixteen years, sixteen times fifty." 6th. "May every person have his bowsprit trimmed and ready to enter every port that opens."

The punch-bowl consisted of a large bucket filled to the brim with lemon punch adapted to

the taste, and strong enough to excite not only a due degree of hilarity, but to inspire the speeches with a felicitous style of eloquence. Of course the speeches in response to the standing toasts were loudly applauded, and honored at the close with the discharge of a volley of musketry. The punch-bowl, as may well be supposed, was replenished several times during the exercises, which were continued till sunset, when the party retired for the night to their boats in good order and in good "spirits," feeling that they had had "glory enough for one day." This was unquestionably the first 4th of July celebration which took place within the limits of the Western Reserve.

The next day after the celebration, the party united in cutting timber and in erecting a huge elephantine log-structure for their own temporary accommodation, and named it "Stowe's Castle," in honor of Joshua Stowe, who was their commissary. It was built of unhewn logs and covered with a thatched roof composed of brush, wild grass and sod. Its style of architecture was entirely unique, and its uncouth appearance such as to provoke the laughter of the builders and the ridicule of the Indians.

In the course of a few days after the completion of the castle, "Moses," as Gen. Cleaveland was familiarly called, because he had, like Moses of

old, led his followers into the wilderness, divided his company of surveyors into small parties and sent them to different parts of the Reserve to commence their official labors. This movement excited the suspicions of the Indians, who at once manifested a disposition to interfere and prevent the execution of the work. But, instead of taking hostile steps in the first instance, the principal Chief, Piqua, dispatched a message to the intruders on his domains and desired to know by what authority they had taken possession, and requested them to meet him in council with a view to effect an amicable understanding of the matter. The party at once agreed that a formal council should be held the next day, after the receipt of the message, and appointed the hour and place.

The chief and his attendants, bedecked with paint and plumes, appeared at the hour appointed, and seating themselves in a circle beneath the shadow of the castle invited "Moses" to take a seat in the center. The council then commenced proceedings by first smoking gravely the pipe of peace. This ceremony was then followed by a speech from Cato, the son of the old chief Piqua, who had instructed his son as to what he should say. Cato prefaced his speech by saying that he thanked the Great Spirit for giving the council a pleasant day and for bring-

ing the white men into the country of the Indians, and then desired to know what was the object of the visit, and what the white men intended to do with the Indians, urging that the Great Spirit had given them the wilderness for their permanent home, and supplied its rivers with fish and its forests with game for their support. He then concluded his speech with the expression of a desire that peace and friendship might be maintained between the Indians and their white visitors.

Gen. Cleaveland, who was in fact, as well as in name, the "Moses" that had led the white adventurers into the wilderness, then arose and replied to the young orator, stating that the white men were the friends and brothers of the Indians, and that the Indians need have no fears of being disturbed in the enjoyment of their just rights, and that both white men and Indians should live together in peace and in the bonds of friendship, and should endeavor to promote the true interests and welfare of both races.

This kind and conciliatory reply so pleased the Indians, that they with one accord presented "Moses" with the "pipe of peace" and with silver trinkets and other gifts of considerable value, all of which he accepted in the most gracious manner. He then returned all the gifts accompanied with a keg of whisky and some glass beads for the squaws to the Indians, who

were not only surprised, but highly delighted with such an act of noble generosity. The Indians then consented that the surveys might proceed, and declared that they would not interfere to prevent the progress of the work. The object of the survey was to lay out the entire Reserve into townships of five miles square, and the townships into one hundred acre lots, preparatory to placing the lands in market.

CHAPTER VII.

Gen. Cleaveland with a detachment of surveyors leaves Conneaut—Discovers a river—Names it “Chagrin”—Arrives at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, July 22—Selects the spot for a city—His Staff names it Cleaveland—First Settlers—Pease’s Hotel—First live stock—Indian Sports—The Bear—Spafford’s Map—Price of Lots—Lorenzo Carter—James Kingsbury’s Trip and Experiences—Commerce—Indian Assassinated—Dog Feast—Bicknell’s sad fate.

IN less than three weeks after landing at Conneaut, a division of the surveying party with Gen. Cleaveland at its head, embarked in an open boat, and coasted westward along the Lake Shore, bound for the Cuyahoga River; but finding an intervening river not traced on the chart, and supposing it to be the Cuyahoga, they entered it, and after considerable delay discovered their mistake. They felt so chagrined about it, that they named the river “Chagrin,” a designation which it still retains.

The party now continued their voyage along the coast, until they reached the veritable Cuyahoga, which they entered on the 22d of July, and after advancing a short distance in its channel, attempted to land, but in their efforts to do so, ran their boat into the marshy growth of wild vegetation which skirted the easterly bank of the river, and stranded her. Here "Moses," like his ancient name's sake, found himself cradled in the bulrushes. This occurred near the foot of Union Lane, which was at that time the termination of an Indian trail. This second "Moses" however, was no infant, but was in fact, equal to any emergency. The party soon succeeded in effecting a safe landing. They then ascended the precipitous bluff which overlooked the valley of the river, and were astonished to find a broad and beautiful plain of woodland stretching far away to the east, west and south of them, and lying at an elevation of some eighty feet above the dark blue waters of Lake Erie. The entire party became enamored of the scene.

"Moses" with the eye of a prophet foresaw that a great commercial city was here destined to spring into existence at no distant day, and accordingly directed a survey to be made into town lots of so much of the land as was included within the angle formed by the Lake and easterly side of the river, and as far southeasterly as

seemed requisite for the location of the predicted city. When the survey was completed, he felt the importance of selecting a suitable name for the new city, but was perplexed in coming to a satisfactory decision and requested his associates to favor him with their suggestions. They at once baptized the infant city and gave it the name of "Cleaveland," in honor of their superior in authority. "Moses" was taken by surprise, blushed and gracefully acknowledged the compliment. The letter "a" in the first syllable of his name, was subsequently dropped out by a resident editor of the town, because he could not include it in the head-line of his newspaper for want of sufficient space. The public adopted the editor's orthography which has ever since been retained.

Gen. Moses Cleaveland was no ordinary man. He was a native of Canterbury, Conn., and graduated at Yale College in 1777. He afterwards studied law and practiced his profession with success in his native town, and in the course of a few years acquired an enviable reputation; was elected a member of the State Legislature, and subsequently advanced to the position of Brigadier General of the Militia, which at that day was regarded as a distinguished honor. He was a gentleman of polished manners and unquestioned integrity, and enjoyed the entire confidence of the

public. In personal appearance he was of medium height, compact and swarthy in complexion, so swarthy that the Indians were inclined to regard him as one of their race. He was cool, deliberate, and always self-possessed, as well as brave and courageous amid threatening dangers, and especially popular with his associates. He was a man of few words and of profound thought. He foresaw, in the future, what time has verified. The City of Cleveland may well refer with pride to her inheritance of his name.

The surveyors very soon after landing at Cleveland erected within its original limits a log-storehouse and several log-cabins for their own accommodation and that of a few immigrants, who had followed them with the design of settling or finding employment, in the region of the Cuyahoga. One of these cabins was called "Pease's Hotel," and was doubtless occupied as a boarding house. The most of the cabins were located between Union Lane and the river, a little north of the present viaduct or elevated bridge, where existed at that time a large open spring of excellent water. John P. Stiles and wife took charge of "Pease's Hotel" at Cleveland, while Elijah Gun and wife remained at Conneaut in charge of "Stowe's Castle," during the first winter. The wives of these men were the only women who came into the country with the surveying party in 1796.

The entire live-stock which the company brought with them consisted of thirteen horses, two yoke of oxen, and three or four milch cows, for their own use. That division of the party remaining at Conneaut, during the first winter, suffered intensely for the want of a sufficient supply of provisions, and many of them must have perished from hunger, except for the kindness of the Indians. At that time the natives, composed of various original tribes, who occupied the lands of the Reserve, had become quite numerous, especially in the vicinity of both Conneaut and Cleveland. They took great delight in observing their own ancient customs and recreations.

It had become a common practice with most of them, after completing their autumnal hunt, to encamp for the winter on the westerly bluff, at the mouth of the Cayahoga river, in considerable numbers. They seemed to have selected this locality with a view to trade with the white men whom they called "Sagamosh," and at the same time to while away the winter, as they best could, by indulging in a variety of rude sports. Seneca was one of their distinguished chiefs, who, with his tribe, preferred to encamp on the easterly side of the river. He was not only a true friend of the white man, but a noble specimen of true manhood. For the most part both the red and white races preserved amicable relations, and were

much benefited by a reciprocal interchange of commodities. Cleveland at this time was regarded as simply a trading post.

While some of the surveyors were encamped at Cleveland, they became straitened for meat. Seeing a bear swimming across the river from the west to the east side, they turned out and surrounded him at the landing; but the bear reversed his direction amid shots and shouts, and escaped. The party, however, on their return, captured a huge rattlesnake. This they cooked and ate with a keen relish, and thought it a rare delicacy.

The first map which was made of Cleveland, after completing the survey, bears date Oct. 1st, 1796. It was constructed of several sheets of fools-cap paper pasted together so as to afford the extension of surface required, and is known as "Spafford's Map." Subsequently other maps were made, one of which is designated as "Pease's Map." There is but little difference between the two, while both are regarded as authoritative. On Spafford's map Superior street was designated as "Broad street," and Miami street as "Deer street." The latter was so named from the circumstance that while the survey of it was progressing a deer approached and gazed at the surveyors for some minutes, with a seeming desire to ascertain what this kind of a strange proceeding

meant, and then bounded away into the depths of the forest. Seneca street has the honor of deriving its name from the good old Indian chief Seneca, who befriended the surveyors and early pioneers.

Soon after the completion of the surveys applications began to be made for the purchase of lots. The prices were fixed by a committee both of city lots and adjoining ten acre lots. The price of a city lot was fifty dollars, and that of a ten acre lot thirty dollars. Outside of these came twenty acre lots at forty dollars, and then hundred acre lots at one hundred dollars. It was required of purchasers to pay twenty per cent. of the purchase money in hand, and the balance in three annual instalments with annual interest. The purchasers were also required to settle on their respective lots within the ensuing year, 1797. But few lots, however, were sold on these terms during 1796. In the course of the next two years a goodly number of immigrants arrived, who purchased lots and built cabins, at various points, in the city and in its vicinity.

The prevalence of fever and ague, at Cleveland, induced several families to settle on the ridge, or elevated lands bordering on what is now known as the Woodland Hills Avenue. Among those who selected the ridge, as a place of residence, were James Kingsbury, Rhodolphus Edwards

and James Hamilton, while others settled at points more directly east and south from Cleveland. Among those who located at Cleveland, at this early period, was Lorenzo Carter. He was an eccentric character, an expert hunter, and soon acquired almost an unbounded influence and control over the Indians, who came to regard his word as law, and who well knew if they disobeyed him that his rifle was sure to enforce obedience. He built his cabin on the declivity of the hill, a little distance north of the viaduct and near the line of Union Lane. It was a staunch log structure, and built with a view to security against attacks which might be made by the Indians.

Mrs. James Kingsbury was the mother of the first white child born on the Western Reserve. The child was born at Conneaut in December, 1796, where the family were domiciled for the winter, in a rickety log cabin which the surveyors had abandoned early in the fall of that year. Mr. Kingsbury returned to his native State of New Hampshire on important business, and was so long delayed by sickness while there, that he did not, on his return trip, reach Conneaut until Christmas eve, when he found his wife, who had recently given birth to a child, apparently in a dying condition from exhaustion and want of proper food. The child had died and the mother

had been compelled to bury it. This she did as best she could beneath the drifted snow and forest leaves near the cabin, and then betook herself to her comfortless bed with the expectation that she too must soon die. On the very first night after burying her child, while in this helpless and despairing condition, she heard a footstep and then a rap at her cabin door; she was startled, but unable to rise or answer. She then heard a voice which she recognized as that of her husband. The moment he opened the door she sprang, wild with delight, from her bed to meet him, and then fell to the floor from exhaustion. This sudden revelation of her pitiful and destitute condition nearly unmanned her heroic husband. He saw the necessity of effort to restore his wife, and made every effort in his power. He acted the part of a nurse with success. He baked bread, shot wild game and prepared for her a nourishing diet. She soon so far recovered as to be able to care for herself and her household. His bread-stuffs had now become exhausted. He managed to procure a bushel of wheat and drew it to mill on a hand-sled, some forty miles, to Erie, Pa., and returned on the third day with the flour to Conneaut.

In the spring of 1797 Mr. Kingsbury with his family removed from Conneaut to Cleveland, where he planted and raised a field of corn the

same year, on a patch of land which the Indians had cleared, and which embraced within its limits the ground on which the City Hall and Catholic cathedral now stand. In the fall, after harvesting his corn, he retired to the ridge, where he purchased a farm and continued to reside during the remainder of his life.

Cleveland commenced her career in 1796, with a population of but four persons. In 1797 her population increased to fifteen, and in the course of the next three years was reduced to seven persons. The unhealthfulness of the locality had induced a removal to more elevated lands in the vicinity. But few, if any, except the family of Lorenzo Carter remained. Year after year now elapsed, with but slight accessions to the population of Cleveland. Numbers of her most enterprising citizens removed to Newburgh, where existed an excellent water power, and where the atmosphere, as they believed, was more salubrious. These advantages induced them to think that Newburgh, instead of Cleveland, was destined to become the great metropolis of the Reserve.

The only highways which existed in the country at this time were narrow paths, designated by blazed trees and a few old Indian trails. The trails were well beaten paths, which had existed from time immemorial, leading from one distant point of the country to another. One led from

Buffalo along the lake shore to Detroit. Another from the Ohio river by way of the "Portage," as it was called, to the mouth of the Cuyahoga river. They concentrated at Cleveland, where the river was crossed by a ferry, established by the Indians. In this way the principal trading posts erected by the French and English, were made accessible, and furnished the early pioneers with the facilities of securing an important commercial intercourse with those distant points of trade. The goods and provisions needed were transported on pack-horses. While Cleveland was the central point on the lake shore, Newburgh took the lead in respect to population. Hence Cleveland acquired the reputation of being a "small village six miles from Newburgh."

David Bryant's distillery, under the hill, was the "center of attraction" in the youthful days of Cleveland. It was here that the largest "sociables" were held on holidays, Sundays and nearly every other day in the week. It was for a long time the only fashionable resort on Sunday, and though the Gospel was sometimes preached on that day in the school-room of the town, yet the distillery maintained its ascendancy, and "with a long pull and a strong pull" drew many souls the "other way."

It was here that both white men and Indians delighted to assemble and vie with each other in

partaking of "fire water," as the Indians very properly designated the products of the distillery. Here they played at cards, and also amused themselves with foot-racing, shooting at coppers with bows and arrows, and paid their bets in the current coin of "fire water."

On one of these occasions, the Indian, Big Son, charged Menompsy, the "medicine man," with having killed his squaw by administering witchcraft medicine, and threatened to kill him. Menompsy replied, "Me no fraid." It was the confident belief among the Indians that the "medicine man," who was regarded by them as a conjuror, priest and prophet, could not be killed by human instrumentalities. When night came, Big Son watched his opportunity, and overtaking Menompsy on Union Lane, gave him a friendly salutation by offering to shake hands with him, and at the same moment drew his knife and stabbed him to the heart. In an instant, bleeding profusely, Menompsy fell to the ground, uttering a fearful war-whoop. The cry was heard by his friends, the Chippawas and Ottawas, who were encamped on the west side of the river. They rallied and came to the rescue, seized the dead body of Menompsy and bore it to camp, and then returned to take vengeance on the Senecas, who were the friends of Big Son, and who occupied a camp on the east side of the river. The Senecas,

being comparatively few in number, became greatly alarmed for their safety. At this crisis, Major Carter, who was regarded as the "law of the land," intervened, and succeeded in negotiating a compromise of the affray by a promise that the Senecas should forthwith give the Chippawas and Ottawas a gallon of whisky. But it so happened that the whisky could not be procured until it could be manufactured. Bryant put his distillery into operation at once. In the meantime the expectant Chippawas and Ottawas being disappointed, made "night hideous" with their unearthly war-whoops and threats to exterminate the Senecas. This induced Major Carter to attempt a second negotiation, which he accomplished, by promising two gallons of whisky, instead of one, to be delivered the next morning. This restored quiet for the night. The next day the friends of Menompsy buried his remains in a sitting posture near the foot of Detroit street, and crowned his funeral obsequies with a "glorious drunk."

Both feasts and fights characterize the history of Bryant's distillery, and were of frequent occurrence. Not long after the assassination of Menompsy, the Indians proceeded to get up a votive demonstration, known as a "white dog feast." It was the color of the dog, which gave the feast not only distinction, but imparted

to it a sacred or religious character. Among the few white men who were invited, was Gilman Bryant, a son of the distiller. He relates that the dog was killed in the presence of the guests, his hair singed off, then chopped in pieces, placed in a kettle, boiled, flavored, and dished up in the form of a soup, and that he was presented with one of the forepaws with the hair still remaining between the toes. He received the "choice bit," but declined to eat. But before partaking of the feast the "master of ceremonies" placed on an elevated table a wooden bowl of the soup, smoking and hot, as an offering to the god "Manitou," and at the same time muttered a prayer, asking the god to keep them safe, and give them good corn and plenty of it at harvest. The feast was then partaken of by all the dusky guests with a consuming relish which left no fragments to tell the unhappy fate of the white dog. Yet every "dog has his day," it is said; nor does it follow that this great truth is impeached, whether the dog's life terminates in a feast, or in a sausage.

A small detachment of surveyors, not long prior to the "dog feast," were engaged in their work in the southern part of the Reserve when an assistant, by the name of Minor Bicknell, was taken dangerously sick in the midst of the forest, far away from medical aid or human habitation. The two

surveyors, Amsi Atwater and Warham Shepard, who were with him, contrived to provide for his relief by connecting a pair of horses with ropes, placing poles between them on which they spread twigs, grass and blankets, thus forming a swing-bed, on which they transported the patient sixty miles through the wilderness, at the rate of ten or twelve miles a day, until they reached the Cuyahoga river at its junction with Tinker's creek, where they expected to find a physician; but within two hours after their arrival, the wretched sufferer expired. They buried him on the bank of the river, and returned with saddened hearts to their labors. This was one of the many sorrows of the "sojourners in the wilderness."

CHAPTER VIII.

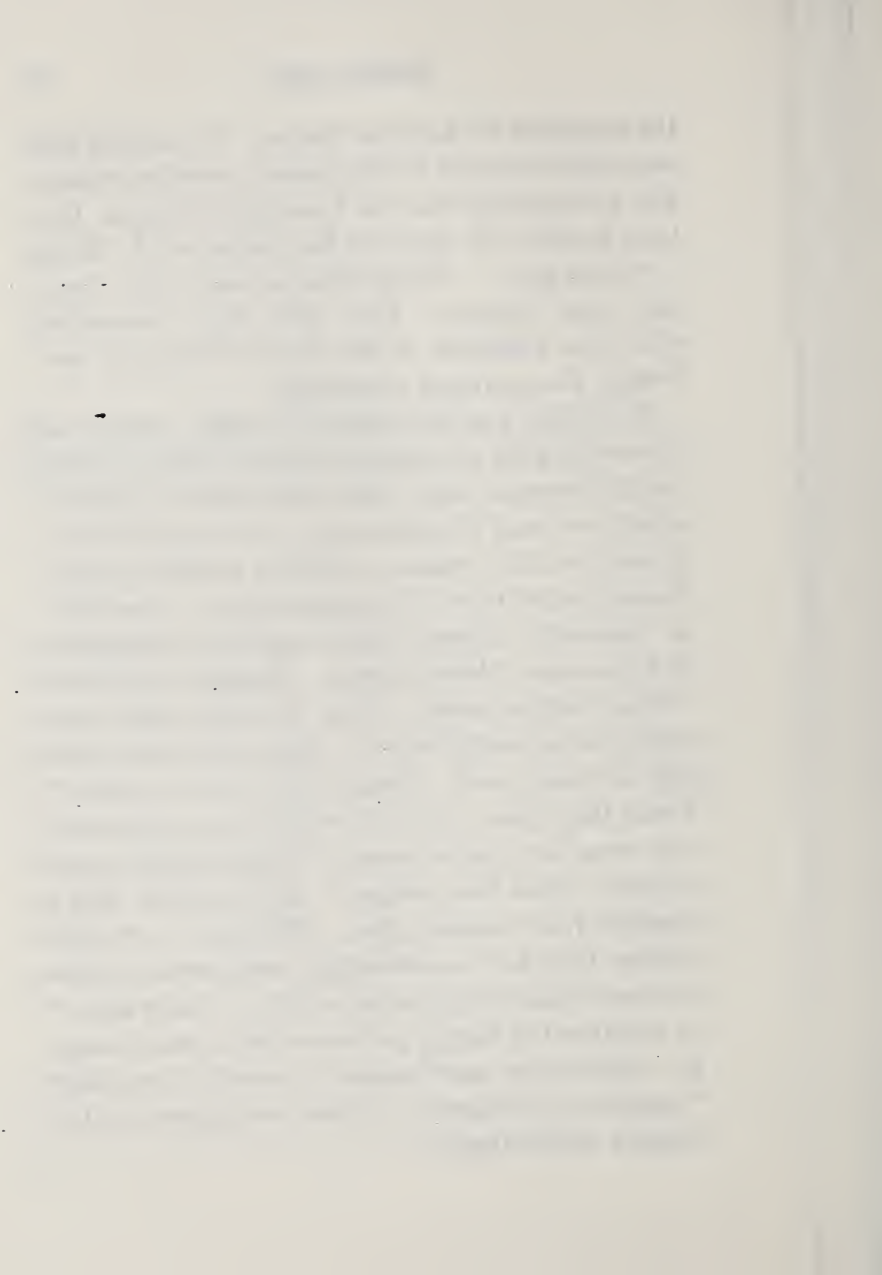
Additional Settlers at Cleveland—First Dry Goods Store—First white child born—First Funeral—First Wedding—First Grist Mill—First Missionary—First Distillery—First Public Ball—First School.

IN 1797 Edward Paine opened the first dry goods store in Cleveland. Nathan Chapman arrived the same year, and brought with him two yoke of oxen and four milch cows. Mrs. Job Stiles was the mother of the first white child born in Cleveland, and was probably the only white woman resident in the town at that time, if we may judge from the fact that a squaw was employed to officiate on the occasion as a midwife. The first death of a citizen which occurred was that of David Eldridge. He was buried on the corner of Ontario and Prospect streets.

The funeral of Eldridge was soon followed by a wedding, the greatest sensation of the year 1797. This wedding occurred on the fourth of July, at

the log-cabin of Lorenzo Carter. It was the first marriage in town of a white man to a white woman. The young lady was the hired girl living in Carter's family, but none the less respected for being a "hired girl." The gentleman was a Mr. Clement, from Canada. Rev. Seth Hart, connected with the business of the Land Company, performed the marriage ceremony.

The bride was not attired in silks, satins and diamonds after the style of modern times, nor did the bridegroom wear white kid gloves, swallow-tailed coat and French boots; yet they both conformed to their means, and, like sensible people, dressed in their best "Sunday clothes"—the bride in domestic colored cotton and the bridegroom in home-spun sheep's gray. Though not rich in "this world's goods," they felt that they were rich in what is still better. They had hands willing to work, and "hearts that beat as one." These they gave. No other gifts were expected, nor were any cards issued. They simply stood up and "took the pledge," and received God's blessing from clerical lips. Whether it was the custom then for the officiating clergyman to take the lead in saluting the bride with a "holy kiss," or whether the happy pair were left to interchange for themselves matrimonial "smacks" at their "earliest convenience," does not appear in the history of the times.



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The interests of Cleveland at this early day were more or less identified with the interests of Newburgh, especially in regard to mill privileges. The citizens of the two villages were in sympathy with each other, and did what they could to promote their common welfare. They alike felt an urgent want of a grist mill, where they could have their breadstuffs ground. This want was soon supplied by the enterprise of W. W. Williams, who, in November, 1779, erected at Newburgh a flouring mill, the first that was put in operation in this region of the country.

The creek on which the mill was built has a waterfall of forty or fifty feet. The millstones were excavated from the rock-ledge that skirts the stream, and, in consequence of being too soft, furnished the surrounding population with a sufficiency of "grit" to meet any emergency. The water was conducted into the mill through the trunk of a hollow tree and fell upon an undershot wheel, whose revolutions generated the requisite propelling power. Yet the mill, like the "mill of the gods," ground but slowly, while customers patiently waited their turns, sometimes for days, when they received their flour unbolted and returned home to "bolt it" in the natural way.

In connection with this method of securing a supply of "daily bread," the citizens both at Cleveland and at Newburgh felt the moral need of

obtaining a supply of the "bread of life," in a spiritual sense, especially those who professed Christianity; and, consequently, in answer to their earnest prayers, Heaven sent them a missionary from Connecticut, Rev. Joseph Badger. He was a good man, of the "Baptist persuasion." He travelled about among the settlers and preached in private houses. He was generally received with kindness and treated with respect. He was the first clergyman who came to the Reserve with a view to preach the Gospel. He was soon followed by other missionaries, who occupied stations at different points. Their main object was to establish churches and schools. These civilizing institutions are the first thing which a Puritan desires to have, next to his "bread and butter." In this regard, if in no other, our Puritan fathers clearly foresaw the "one thing needful" in laying the foundations of a free republic and of a true manhood.

It was as early as 1738 that Arthur St. Clair, Governor of the territory, northwest of the Ohio river, extended his jurisdiction over the Western Reserve, by including it within what was then known as Washington Co. He afterward, July 10, 1800, erected the Reserve into a single county by itself; gave it the name of Trumbull, in honor of a Connecticut Governor by that name; organized it by appointing the proper officers, and fixed the

county seat at Warren. Prior to this the Western Reserve was practically a "heathen land" where "might gave right," and every man was a "law unto himself."

This is sufficiently illustrated in the fact that there existed but very little regard for law or religion among the rank and file of adventurers who first settled at Cleveland and in its vicinity. It was this class of men, who, though individually possessing but little influence, gave tone to public sentiment and public morals. The Sabbath was generally recognized by them as a day set apart for social intercourse or sports of various kinds. It was not until the year 1800, that public religious exercises were introduced. The Rev. Joseph Badger, the missionary, preached the first sermon in Cleveland. It was Gilman Bryant, senior, who established the first distillery. Thus it would seem that good and evil are providentially associated in new as well as in old countries, and must, like "tares in the wheat," grow together until the "harvest."

The first public ball which was gotten up on the Reserve, came off at Carter's cabin, on the hillside in Cleveland, July 4th, 1801. It was no easy matter in those days of mud-roads, unbridged streams, and magnificent distances, for the young men to collect the girls for such an occasion. Tradition has handed down the fact that

Gilman Bryant, junior, gave Miss Doan, who resided some four miles from Cleveland, an invitation to accompany him to the ball. He was seventeen and she fourteen years of age. They were both ambitious to excel, and accordingly attired themselves in the best style of the times, he in domestic gingham with a cue dangling down his back, and she in printed calico of gay colors. He called for her at the appointed hour on horseback, without a pillion for her accommodation, as none could be obtained. She comprehended at a glance the situation, sprang upon a stump, spread her apron on the horse, adjusted her skirts, and then leaped to her seat with the agility of a squirrel, seized the crupper with one hand, and clasped her beau around the waist with the other, and thus they rode in merry mood to the ball.

The entire party, when assembled, consisted of fifteen or sixteen couples. They occupied the front room or parlor of the cabin, which was not carpeted, but had a substantial puncheon floor. The violinist, Mr. Jones, proceeded at once with spasmodic hand and listening ear to harmonize the strings of his instrument, and then struck up "Hie, Bettie Martin," the favorite dancing tune of that day. The dance commenced with unrestrained enthusiasm and with orders to cast off "right and left." The style, step and grace of action were inimitable. "Fantastic toes," clad in

brogans, twinkled in the mazy dance. The gentlemen were then not so ungallant as to step on the long trails of the ladies dresses, for the reason that their dresses did not fall below the ankles. Thus the dance was bravely and happily executed with the usual interludes of "billing and cooing." The dancers often changed their steps from double shuffle to cutting not only the pigeon-wing, but the wing of almost every other bird known to the vocabulary of ornithology. The refreshments, which had been provided with a liberal hand, consisted of plum-cake, and a cordial of raw whisky sweetened with maple sugar. The dance continued until "broad day-light," when the boys went home with the girls "in the morning."

In the spring of 1802, the first public school was opened in Cleveland. Miss Anna Spafford was employed as teacher. The school was kept in the front room of Carter's log cabin. Here it was that Miss Spafford taught the "young idea" of about a dozen juveniles how "to shoot." Strange, indeed, is the contrast between that early day and the present, in respect to the public schools of Cleveland. The one school of a dozen pupils was good seed sown in good ground, which has grown and ripened into a system of public schools, extending educational facilities to more than fifty thousand youth, and providing for them

educational palaces in which their physical comforts are consulted as well as the advantages of their mental culture.

Though our modern system of common school education has become exceedingly expensive, and aims in fact to give our youth a liberal and even a professional education, yet it is tolerated and encouraged by a patient tax-paying community for no other reason, as it would seem, than that furnished by the democratic theory that every American is born a sovereign, and should therefore have a sovereign's education at the public expense. The theory, however, is one thing, and the practical result quite another. With all the facilities thus furnished, less than three per cent. of the youth of the State have received, or are likely to receive, anything more than a meagre common school education. The children of the rich are manifestly much more benefited by this modern educational system than the multitudinous children of the poor, for the simple reason that the poor are "too poor" to allow their children sufficient time to accomplish the higher branches of study, or to supply them with the requisite books and clothing, and at the same time dispense with their aid in the daily labors necessary to secure a comfortable livelihood. The result is, that, instead of the rich being taxed to educate the poor, the comparative poor are taxed to educate the rich, especially in

our cities and villages. Schools in which the higher branches only are taught are certainly not common schools in the sense of the constitution of the State, and ought not to be sustained by general taxation, unless specially authorized by a popular vote in the districts where they are located.

CHAPTER IX.

First Election Precinct—First Postmaster—Cleveland made a Port of Entry—First Collector of Revenues—Style of Early Courtships—First ship built—Militia Drill—First Court—Execution of Omic, the Indian—Death of Lorenzo Carter.

The State of Ohio was admitted into the Union as a State in 1803, and the first election in what was called the "precinct of Cleveland" was held at the house of James Kingsbury on the Ridge. In the course of the next year the first postoffice was established at Cleveland, by which Cleveland was connected by postal route with Pittsburgh, Detroit, and other towns both East and West. Elisha Norton was the first man appointed postmaster.

In 1805, the harbor at Cleveland was declared by law, a port of entry, and John Walworth appointed collector of the public revenues. In 1806, Norton resigned his office of postmaster, and John Walworth was appointed to fill the vacancy.

He kept the postoffice in the upper story of a small frame building located on the northerly side of Superior street, near the corner of Superior and Water streets. His postoffice receipts, for the first quarter, were but two dollars and eighty-three cents. His percentage on that sum did not afford him the means of indulging in a very extravagant style of living, nor did he prove a defaulter. He was evidently an honest man, and lived within his income.

The style of living in those early times was not only simple, but frugal. In social intercourse no solicitude was felt in regard to the "latest" fashions. If able to appear clad in neat and cleanly apparel of domestic manufacture, it was considered quite sufficient, however grand or important might be the occasion. This was true, of all classes, including even the marriageable young men and young ladies, who desired to make favorable impressions. The way in which courtships were then conducted, is graphically described by J. D. Taylor, who came into the country with his father in 1806, and settled in the vicinity of Cleveland. He has now become an elderly man, and is ranked among the "old settlers." At a meeting of the pioneers held a few years since at Rockport, he was called out for a speech, and in response addressed the audience as follows:

"I am happy to meet so many of the pioneers

and their descendants, of whom I am one, as I see here on this occasion. I am reminded of the 'good old times,' and of experiences to which none of the speakers have alluded—I mean pioneer courtships. Topics of this kind are always interesting, especially to ladies. Courting, or sparking, in those early days was not a flirtation, but an 'affair of the heart,' and was conducted in the natural way. The boys and girls who were predisposed to matrimony used to 'set up' together on Sunday nights, dressed in their 'Sunday clothes.' They occupied usually a corner of the only family room of the cabin, while the bed of the 'old folks' occupied the opposite corner with blankets suspended around it for curtains. During the earlier part of the evening the old and young folks engaged in a common chit-chat. About 8 o'clock the younger children climbed the ladder in the corner and went to bed in their bunks under the garret roof; and in about an hour later 'father and mother' retired to bed behind the blanket curtains, leaving the 'sparkers' sitting at a respectful distance apart before a capacious wood fire-place and looking thoughtfully into the cheerful flame, or perhaps into the future. The sparkers, however, soon broke the silence by stirring up the fire with a wooden shovel or poker, first one and then the other, and every time they resumed their seats, somehow the

chairs manifested unusual attractions for closer contiguity. If chilly the sparkers would sit closer together to keep warm; if dark to keep the bears off. Then came some whispering 'with a 'hearty smack,' which broke the cabin stillness and disturbed the gentle breathing behind the suspended blankets, so as to produce a slight parental hacking cough. All this accords, in a good degree, with my own experience.

"When a strapping boy I fell 'head over ears' in love with a girl of the real Plymouth Rock stamp. She lived twenty miles away, and I went to see her regularly every fourth Sunday night. I won the lass, longed to marry her, but as the 'course of true love never did run smooth,' her mother objected. I appealed to her in the most pathetic language I could command, but she could not be melted, and I became sad and went about 'sighing like a furnace.' My father was sent Minister Extraordinary to the court of the old woman, to contract an alliance, offensive and defensive, but with no better luck. I managed, however, to keep on courting the girl until I loved everything on her father's farm. At last love and perseverance were rewarded, and the wedding day was fixed.

"The country at that time was sickly, and I often detected myself feeling my pulse as the 'day of days' drew near, fearing lest the ague.

shakes should add to the fever which was already consuming me. But I got married without accident or further embarrassment, moved to a log cabin, went to housekeeping, and soon discovered that my 'better-half' was a pattern of neatness and good housewifery. Election soon came, I went to the polls, was asked if I was of age, as my juvenile looks belied my age, but I was not allowed to vote. My wife felt bad about it. When the next election came round, on the very morning of that day, she presented me with a little counterpart of herself, the news reached the polls ahead of me, and when I presented my vote, though not of age, it was received without objection."

In 1808, Lorenzo Carter built and launched the first vessel constructed at Cleveland. The craft was named the "Zephyr," thirty tons burden, designed for the Lake trade, and was employed in transporting furs, grindstones and other commodities, and receiving in exchange salt, iron, leather, dry goods and groceries, with such other supplies as were needed by the settlers.

The first militia training, or drill, which took place within the precinct of Cleveland, in obedience to State law, came off at "Doan's Corners." About fifty men, rank and file, appeared in all sorts of costumes, and were armed with all sorts of weapons, from peeled-clubs to rusty old

shotguns. Doan's tavern was headquarters. The captain wore a cocked-up hat surmounted with a tall plume manufactured of roosters' tail feathers. He marched and countermarched his men with drawn sword flashing in the sunlight, and uttered his commands with a stentorian voice that made the welkin ring, and at the same time kept step to the music, with pompous strides, backward and forward in front of his "bold soldier boys." Many of the evolutions which his gallant company performed were quite unknown to the science of military tactics, as they moved to the shrill cry and noisy beat of fife and drum.

Before dismissing his train-band, in due form, the captain marched them in solid column to headquarters, where they were ordered to charge on the contents of a whisky barrel, which they did with a degree of heroism rarely paralleled in the annals of warfare. The victory was won at the "expense" of their generous commander whom they "delighted to honor," and continued to honor until an exciting "war of words" began to rage in regard to several grave questions of the day, which involved the entire company and induced them, one after another, to lay the vexed questions on the table, and themselves under it. There was no longer any question raised as to who "had the floor." After taking an unconscious snooze for a few hours they finally took

the "sober second thought," disbanded, and returned to their respective homes.

The county of Cuyahoga was organized in 1809, and Cleveland made the county seat. The first court of record which convened in the county was held in 1810, by Judge Ruggles and his three associates, in a small frame building on the north side of Superior street, which has long since disappeared. John Walworth, who was at that time postmaster and collector of the revenue, was appointed clerk of the court, and S. S. Baldwin, sheriff. The cases set down for trial were mostly for violations of the criminal law, consisting of indictments for petit larceny, for selling whisky to Indians and for selling foreign goods without license. The entire population of Cleveland, at that time, was but fifty seven persons, including women and children. The first courthouse was constructed of logs, and erected in 1812 on the northerly side of Superior street, in the Public Square. The upper story was used as a court-room, and the lower story was divided into two rooms—the west one was used as a jail, while the east one was occupied by the jailor and his family.

The first execution of a criminal which took place on the Reserve was that of Omic, the Indian. This occurred at Cleveland June 24, 1812. Omic had been convicted of murdering two white

men, Buel and Gibbs, trappers, for the purpose of obtaining possession of their traps and furs. The brutal deed was perpetrated at night when the men were asleep. The fact soon became known, when Omic was speedily arrested and confined in the chamber of Carter's house and chained to a rafter. Soon after his arrest he was arraigned in court, tried and convicted. He said to Carter, after conviction, that he would let the pale-faces see how bravely an Indian could die, and that the sheriff, at the execution, need not tie his hands, as he intended to leap from the scaffold and hang himself.

It was his religious faith that the Great Spirit, after his death, would conduct him to the far off country of pleasant "hunting grounds," where he would find plenty of game and live happily forever. When the fatal day arrived, Omic attired himself in war-like costume, painted his face and plumed his head with eagle's feathers; and, when the wagon called for him, leaped into it with agility, sat down upon his coffin; and, as he rode towards the gallows, which had been erected on the Public Square, employed his time in gazing around him with an air of stolid pride, and at the same time with evident gratification that he was the "observed of all observers." He was attended by a military escort, commanded by Captain Jones, and marching to the music of

life and muffled drum. On arriving at the scaffold, Sheriff Baldwin, with the aid of Carter, who spoke the Indian language, assisted the prisoner to ascend the ladder to the scaffold, where he was seated, while Rev. Mr. Darrow offered up an appropriate prayer.

The sheriff then adjusted the rope and drew down the black cap over Omic's eyes, when he manifested great terror, broke the cords that bound his hands and seized the side post of the gallows with an iron grasp, which the sheriff could not relax. Carter then addressed Omic in Indian and upbraided him for his want of courage, when the matter was compromised by giving him a half pint of whisky. No sooner had he drank it, and was about to swing, than he played the same trick over again, and then compromised for another half pint. The scaffold was then cleared, and the moment he had swallowed the second half pint the cord that held the trap door was cut and the trap fell, launching the poor Indian into mid-air, where he swung back and forth like the pendulum of a clock. After swinging for a few seconds the rope broke and he fell to the ground, seemingly dead or drunk, and which it was difficult to say.

At this stage of the drama, a violent thunder storm burst overhead, and the rain fell in torrents. This induced the spectators to run for

shelter and abandon the closing scene. The body, dead or alive, was put into the coffin and buried in haste at the foot of the gallows. The next morning the body was missing. For a time it was thought by some persons that Omic was not dead when buried, but had resurrected himself and escaped. But the truth was that at the instance of a physician of the town the corpse was spirited away and buried in the channel of a water course flowing from a spring on the hillside into the river, where it lay until the flesh was entirely denuded from the bones. The skeleton was then disinterred, wired and appropriated to the uses of science. It was known to be in the possession of Dr. Town, of Hudson, in 1841. He died in a few years afterward. Who now has the skeleton is unknown. If it could be obtained it would be a valuable relic, worthy of a place in the hall of the Western Reserve Historical Society.

Lorenzo Carter, who aided the sheriff on this memorable occasion, came to Cleveland in 1797 and purchased a farm on the west side of the river, directly opposite of Cleveland, where he continued to reside until his death, which occurred February 8, 1814. He was an original character—a man “upon whose like we ne’er shall look again.”

CHAPTER X.

Gen. Hull's Surrender—Alarm at Cleveland—Stockade known as "Fort Huntington"—Coffins of Dead Soldiers—Uncle Abram, his Cornfield, Bucket of Powder and Grave—Uncle Jabez, the Jolly Man—Uncle Gaius, the Joker—Young Dudley, the Scapegrace—Cleveland Incorporated—Its Village Government—First Newspaper—First Steamboat on Lake Erie—Firing the Last Gun.

Gen. Hull, commanding the American forces at Detroit, surrendered to the British General, August 16, 1812. This unexpected occurrence caused not only a general expression of indignation on the part of the Americans, but created universal alarm among the settlers on the western frontier for their safety, and especially on the Lake shore. Very soon after the surrender had been made, a woman residing on the Lake coast west of Cleveland, having seen in the distance a fleet approaching, and believing it to be the English fleet became panic-stricken, seized her two children and sprang upon a horse, with one child

before and the other behind her and rode, night and day, proclaiming to the settlers along the way, in a loud voice, that the English with hordes of savages were rapidly approaching, and would soon massacre every man, woman and child, unless they fled with all possible dispatch to the interior for safety.

She arrived at Cleveland, at daybreak, and rode through the streets, repeating her frantic cry of alarm, and admonishing every soul to fly for dear life into the depths of the forest, and then led the way with increased speed into the dusky woodlands in a southerly direction from the town. Everybody was thunderstruck with the alarming news, sprang from their beds in consternation, and amid the general confusion, with such hasty preparations as they could make, fled into the neighboring wilderness, some on horseback, some on ox-sleds, some on foot, women and children crying, and men swearing. They scattered in every direction as they fled, and alarmed the settlers of the interior. Better counsels, however, soon prevailed. The fighting men of the town, and of the country round about, rallied and armed themselves with shot guns, swords, pistols and bludgeons, and took their position in "line of battle" near the mouth of the river with a determination to prevent the enemy from landing, and in case they succeeded in landing, to give them a

“bloody welcome.” Soon the fleet hove in sight and rounded majestically into harbor, when it proved to be none other than friendly ships ladened with Hull’s paroled troops. The “big scare” instantly collapsed into unrestrained laughter, and the fugitives returned to their homes in Cleveland in “merry mood,” while everybody regarded the affair as a “huge joke.”

In 1813, Cleveland was designated by the Government as a depot of military supplies for her western troops. A stockade was erected at the foot of Seneca street on the bank of the Lake, where a small military force was stationed under command of Gen. Jessup, of the U. S. Army, which was known as “Fort Huntington,” and in which soldiers under arrest or sick were quartered. During the occupation of the Fort a considerable number of soldiers died and were buried in puncheon coffins on the elevated bank overlooking the Lake, and as the high bank became undermined by the action of the waves the coffins slid into the Lake, and were driven hither and thither by the winds like a fleet of canoes without an oarsman, ladened with dead men, while some of the coffins still remained thrust half way out of the elevated bank, pointing over the waves like cannons from portholes, as if to protect the helpless fleet of dead men from attacks, or harm. But soon after being thus launched,

the frail ghostly fleet was dashed in pieces by collision in the midst of the merciless billows, and the crews sank to rise no more, yet as they went down—

“As if in fright, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To see those dead men rise.”

In 1813, a blacksmith, known as “Uncle Abram,” resided in Cleveland. He was probably the first blacksmith who settled here. His name was Abraham Hickox. He was an industrious and honest man, but somewhat eccentric and tenacious of his rights. His shop stood on the southerly side of Euclid avenue near the Public Park. His sign was spiked over the doorway and lettered, “Uncle Abram works here,” followed with the print of a horseshoe burned into the wood. He was a skillful workman, but had a strong will of his own, and was generally allowed to have his way.

He cultivated a corn-patch near his shop, and during the season of roast-ears became exasperated on discovering that the soldiers, quartered at Fort Huntington, were in the habit of stealing his corn at night and feasting upon it at the fort. He resolved to watch their operations by secreting himself in the corn-patch at night and chastising them with the contents of his old shot-gun.

While thus on the watch in came two soldiers, who began at once to select the roast-ears, when he fired on the one at work nearest him, who fell to the ground, and was seized by his comrade and carried to the Fort. The next morning "Uncle Abram" inspected the locality where the depredator fell, and discovered copious evidences of blood, but said nothing about the affair. He learned, in a few days afterwards, that a funeral had occurred at the Fort, and that the deceased was a soldier whose death was caused by an accidental gun-shot wound. There was no more plundering of the corn-patch that season. This fact convinced "Uncle Abram" of the efficacy of gun powder.

His own personal experience on the Fourth of July, 1814, had the effect to strengthen this conviction. It so happened in celebrating the day, that while carrying an open bucket of powder across the Public Square to supply the swivel in firing patriotic salutes, he dropped from the pipe, which he unwittingly held in his teeth, a coal of fire into the powder, when he instantly ascended before his time some twenty feet or more, skyward, and when he returned to earth again, was lifted from his prostrate position by his friends, who concurred in the belief that he was dead. But after a little time he revived, with no other serious injury than rent garments and a discol-

ored face, so severely scorched on one side as to blacken it for life.

He made it a rule, however, to look on the "bright" rather than the "dark" side of things, and continued to work at his avil.

He was appointed at an early day, sexton of the town, and supervised the burial of the dead. The awkward manner in which the pall-bearers performed their duties at the grave often incurred his displeasure, and sometimes so provoked him as to call forth a profane reprimand. He selected an eligible spot for his own grave and placed a stake at the head and foot, inscribed with the initials of his name, and declared with an oath that no one should be buried there but himself. The spot is located in the old Erie street cemetery near the front gate, and on the northerly side of the Central avenue leading into this somewhat ancient "city of the dead." When he died, he was buried in the identical place he had selected. The grave is marked with an unostentatious headstone, bearing on its face nothing more than a record of his name and age.

There were quite a number of original characters besides "Uncle Abram" among the early denizens of Cleveland. There was "Uncle Jabez" who manufactured soft soap under the hill. He was a comical old bachelor who loved fun and whisky, and told stories with a comical

grimace of the face, accompanied with a spasmodic wink of the eye, and a flirting snap of the fingers. He was always a favorite, because he was always jolly, as well as complimentary in his remarks. He seemed to live but to enjoy fun and frolic, and deal in "soft soap."

There was also "Uncle Gaius" who kept a hotel on St. Clair street. He was an inveterate joker, and for this reason was feared by everybody. He abounded in coarse wit, and in giving gratuitous advice. One evening a traveling divine stopped at his hotel and took lodgings for the night. He arrived on horseback and had ridden in the mud and rain all day. He was thoroughly drenched and his boots so saturated with water that he, after a severe trial, found it impossible to disboot himself. "Uncle Gaius," noticing the discouragement of the divine, came to his assistance and coolly remarked, "I would advise you, my reverend friend, to try pulling your boots off over your head." Whether the reverend finally disbooted himself, or retired to bed in his boots, does not appear in the tradition of the times.

There was also a young scapegrace, known as "Dudley," who was ostensibly engaged in merchandising, and who became notorious for his "sprees" and mischievous "tricks," such as frightening people by playing "ghost" in an

old house said to be haunted, and riding on horse-back into hotels and treating his horse with a drink of whisky. But unexpectedly, while thus engaged in sowing his "wild oats," he received a summons which required him to give an account of himself in the "shadowy land."

It was not until 1814, that Cleveland became incorporated by an Act of the Legislature as a village. Its corporate government was confided to a President, Recorder and five trustees. The first election of officers was held in June, 1815. The entire vote cast was but twelve. Alfred Kelley was elected President. The valuation of the real estate of the village taken at that time for taxation was \$21,065. The village increased but slowly in wealth and population. The entire vote of the village in 1829 was but forty-seven.

The first newspaper published in Cleveland commenced its career in 1818. It was edited, printed and published by Andrew Logan, and was christened the "Cleveland Gazette and Commercial Register." The magnitude of its title was somewhat top heavy compared with the dimensions of its sheet, which was but a little larger than a nine by ten pane of window glass. It professed to be a hebdomadal, but seldom appeared on time. It was conducted with considerable ability while it lived. It was a sickly infant, however, and soon died for want of the "milk of hu-

man kindness." It was succeeded by the "Cleveland Herald" conducted and owned by Ziba Willes, who was a practical printer, and possessed of an unusual amount of practical, good sense. He not only edited the paper, but set the type and printed it on a hand press with his coat off and his sleeves rolled up. He was a true man. The "Herald" still survives, and enjoys the health of youth in its advanced age.

The first steamboat which was launched on Lake Erie, received the name of the "Walk-in-the-Water." She was employed in running between Buffalo and Detroit, touching at intermediate ports. It was on the first day of September, 1818, that she entered for the first time the harbor at Cleveland. The citizens hailed her approach with delight and assembled at the landing to give her a hearty welcome. She was regarded with intense interest and was rightly named, for she seemed "like a thing of life" that literally walked on the water. Both her arrival and departure were signalized by the discharge of thirteen rounds of artillery. The captain acknowledged the salute by a return of the same number of guns and flinging to the breeze from masthead the glorious banner of American freedom. The excited citizens could not restrain their joyful expressions, but continued to fire guns, wave hats and handkerchiefs, and utter wild "hurrahs," until the ma-

jestic "Walk-in-the-Water" disappeared in the hazy distance on her way to Detroit.

In 1827, while Cleveland was still but a village, the villagers decided to celebrate the Fourth of July. When the day arrived all due preparations had been made. The villagers assembled in the upper school-room of the Academy on St. Clair street, now occupied as headquarters by the Fire Department, heard a patriotic oration; and, then, as many as could afford to pay for a dinner, marched in procession to Boughton's Hotel, on the corner of St. Clair and Water streets, keeping step to the inspiring strains of "Yankee Doodle," played by a single fife and drum.

Here they dispatched the eatables and "drink-ables" with a generous liberality, concluding with toasts and speeches, and the firing of an old cast-iron swivel, located on the then common, in front of the hotel. The jollification was prolonged until near sunset, when the guests dispersed quite as soberly as could be "expected."

A few tatterdemalions, however remained, and resolved to crown the day by firing the last gun. Captain Guptil, the gunner, poured into the old swivel the last canister of powder, and loaded it with sand and sod to the muzzle, but was afraid to apply the match. In the meantime a young simpleton, by the name of Wheeler, volunteered to take the hazard, and seizing a fire-brand ran in

the direction of the swivel, while his comrades ran in the opposite direction; and, as soon as he reached the gun, applied the fire-brand, when an explosion, louder than the "seven thunders," followed, leaving behind it a dense pillar of smoke, curling skyward, with inimitable grace,

His comrades hastened to the spot to ascertain the result. There they found poor Wheeler prostrate and completely disembowled, an arm here and a leg there, and nothing left of the swivel except the breech. The fragments of the other parts of the gun had flown in every direction, falling in the streets and on the buildings in the vicinity. One large fragment fell upon the roof of an adjoining house and penetrating through it and two floors beneath it, imbedded itself in the ground in the cellar. Thus terminated the glorious "Fourth" in sad disaster, accompanied with a sad lesson as well as with a "last gun."

CHAPTER XI.

The Cleveland Bar in 1828—Riding the Circuit—Practical Jokes on each Other—Wood and Willey in the Legislature and on the Bench—Growth of Cleveland—Machinations of Land Proprietors on both Sides of the River—Incorporation of Cleveland as a City, and Brooklyn as Ohio City—The “Bridge War” and how it terminated.

THE members of the legal profession, who resided at Cleveland in 1828, and who constituted the “Cuyahoga Bar,” were but few in number, yet were men of tact and talent, who enjoyed a wide and enviable reputation. It was the custom in those days for lawyers to “ride the circuit,” in order to secure a lucrative practice. The circuit consisted of several adjoining counties. The principal lawyers who resided at Cleveland were Alfred Kelly, Leonard Case, Samuel Cowles, Reuben Wood and John W. Willey. The last two were the juniors of the Bar. They excelled as popular advocates, and for this reason, found it for their interest to attend the courts in the adjoining

counties. They were often accompanied by one or more of their seniors, and while on the circuit delighted to indulge in "mirth and fun," and especially in perpetrating practical jokes, which were not always of the most refined character, but were kindly taken and usually repaid in the "same coin," and often with "compound interest."

On one of these circuit rides taken late in the wintry month of December, Wood and Willey happened to be accompanied by lawyer Cowles, who was not only a bachelor of mature years, but a "devout man," fastidious in his tastes and scrupulous in his observances of the proprieties of life. While on their way they stopped for the night at a country inn, benumbed with the cold and very much fatigued. The daughter of the landlord, an ancient maiden who had lost one of her eyes, prepared the supper and served at the table. It was noticed that she was particularly attentive to the wants of Mr. Cowles, and seemed to look at him with a "single eye" to ultimate conquest. When the hour for retiring to bed had arrived Mr. Cowles, who complained of still feeling chilly, requested to have a couple of heated bricks placed at the foot of his bed to keep his feet warm. In a short time the one-eyed maiden informed him that his request had been complied with, and handed him a lighted candle and point-

ed the way to his chamber. In the meantime Wood and Willey had preceded him and occupied the adjoining chamber, but on their way had contrived to remove the heated bricks and to substitute two large wood chips heavily encrusted with snow and ice. Cowles soon entered his room, undressed himself and sprang into bed, and with the expectation of feeling the warm bricks thrust his feet squarely against the icy chips, when the agonizing sensation compelled him to bound instantly out of bed. He struck upon the floor in an erect posture and with a force that resounded throughout the house. This sudden and unaccountable noise alarmed the household. The one-eyed maiden ascended the chamber stairs in haste, rapped at Cowles' door and desired to know what was the matter. "Matter enough," exclaimed Cowles, in a loud and indignant tone of voice. At that moment Wood and Willey, who occupied the adjoining chamber, were heard to utter a half-suppressed laugh, when Cowles at once comprehended the source of the mischief, and restraining a profane oath that came to his lips, pronounced his traveling companions "villains." In the meantime the disconcerted maiden retreated down stairs as speedily as possible. Wood and Willey, professing to be as innocent as lambs, sympathized with Cowles, and endeavored to persuade him not to be discouraged in

prosecuting "affairs of the heart," assuring him, at the same time, that a "faint heart ne'er won a fair lady." The result was that Cowles would never again consent to "ride the circuit" with Wood and Willey.

While these facetious gentlemen took delight in perpetrating jokes on others, they seemed to take equal delight in perpetrating jokes on each other. While in the midst of a successful law practice they were both elected members of the General Assembly—Wood to the Senate and Willey to the House. In going to Columbus to attend the session they traveled on horseback in company with each other, and on the way stopped over night at a hotel in Wooster. In the morning, while at the breakfast table, Willey slyly took several silver spoons from the table and slipped them into Wood's outside coat pocket, and took care, after they had mounted their horses to depart, to halt for a moment and whisper in the ear of the landlord that he had better look out that none of his silver spoons were missing, as he suspected that his traveling companion was a "doubtful character."

This intelligence startled the landlord and induced him to recount his spoons, when he discovered that several of them were gone. By this time the travelers had disappeared in the distance, and no time was to be lost in making an

attempt to recover the missing spoons. The landlord bestirred himself, called to his aid a constable, and pursued the supposed thief; and, after a fast ride of five miles, overtook the travelers, arrested Wood, and charged him with having committed the theft. He looked surprised, and then became indignant. The constable, however, required him to submit to a search, when the spoons were found in his coat pocket. Wood in the midst of his bewilderment glanced an eye at Willey's comical expression of face, which at once unraveled the mystery. Willey paid the constable's fees, and all joined in a roaring laugh. Though Wood pretended to enjoy the fun, he thought it rather too serious a joke, and meditated revenge.

When the General Assembly of the following year was about to convene, Willey, who had led a bachelor's life, married and took his bride with him to spend the honeymoon at Columbus. The happy pair traveled by stage-coach, and on the way stopped off for the night at a hotel in Loudenville, registering as J. W. Willey and wife. Feeling somewhat fatigued after a day of rough traveling, they retired at an early hour after taking their evening repast. Wood arrived on horseback and stopped for the night at the same hotel soon after Willey and his bride had retired, and seeing their names on the register as man and wife, called the attention of the landlord to the

fact, at the same time, whispering confidentially in his ear that he had known that fellow Willey as a bachelor for many years past, and knew that he was a "tricky chap," but did not suppose he would travel with a strange woman and register as man and wife, intimating at the same time that if this fact should become known, it would disgrace the hotel as well as the guilty pair. The landlord, who was a religionist of the "strictest sect," became intensely indignant, rushed upstairs to Willey's chamber, rapped loudly at the door and demanded immediate entrance. Willey awoke, supposing the house on fire. Sprang out of bed and opened the door, when the enraged landlord seized him, dragged him into the hall, and ordered him to take lodgings in a separate chamber, saying "I have found out who you are, and assure you, sir, you cannot be allowed to disgrace my hotel by such immoral practices." At this crisis, and before Willey had time to demand an explanation from the landlord, the long, lean, lank shadow of Wood darted into the hall, and the moment Willey saw the apparition, he comprehended the "true intent and meaning" of this untimely disturbance of his slumbers. Willey frankly admitted that he had been amply repaid for the "trick of the spoons" which he had played on Wood. He then explained the matter and his acquaintance with Wood to the landlord,

and requested him to send up a bottle of his best "brand" to the gentleman's parlor, when all united in exhausting its contents and indulging in merriment, interspersed with roars of laughter, until a late hour, when Willey was allowed to return, unquestioned, to the bridal chamber.

Notwithstanding their "quips, cranks, and wanton wiles," Wood and Willey ever remained fast friends. They were both men of remarkable talent, who enjoyed the public confidence, and who were especially popular with the masses. In the midst of a brilliant professional career they were both elected at about the same time to the General Assembly of the State—Wood to the Senate and Willey to the House. Subsequently both were elevated to the Bench, Wood to the Judgeship of the Supreme Court and Willey to the Judgeship of the Court of Common Pleas. Both became eminent as Judges. After a service of some years on the Supreme Bench, Wood was twice elected Governor of the State, and in both instances by large majorities: They were both self-made men, and have left a noble record behind them. Willey died in June, 1841, and Wood in October, 1864.

In her early career, Cleveland remained for many years essentially stationary. Nothing contributed so much to her advancement in population and wealth as the introduction of steam

navigation on Lake Erie. It was the steamboat "Walk-in-the-Water" that inaugurated a new era for Cleveland. The village of Brooklyn, located on the opposite side of the river, partook largely of the commercial advantages and general prosperity which had advanced Cleveland, and for similar reasons.

This manifest indication of prosperity rapidly increased from year to year, until it induced the landed aristocracy of both Cleveland and Brooklyn to believe that the lands which they respectively owned would become of immense value, and finally make them and their heirs "millionaires," if the question could be settled as to which of the two rival villages should in the future become the great commercial city of the Lake. The rival aristocracies attempted to settle the question by negotiation, but could only "agree to disagree." Both parties then resorted to a strategetic system of local improvements on their respective sides of the river for the purpose of securing material advantages in regard to public travel and harbor facilities.

James S. Clark, who owned lands on the Cleveland side of the river, situated on Prospect, Ontario and Champlain streets, and also lands extending along Columbus street, and south of the bridge and river, erected the first bridge across the river, known as the Columbus street

bridge, with a view to divert the public travel from Brooklyn in a more direct route to Cleveland. The opening of this new route had the desired effect. In retaliation the west side land speculators purchased the Carter farm, which included the old river bed near the mouth of the river, and cut a ship-canal connecting the river with its old channel and the Lake, at a considerable distance west of its present entrance into the Lake. This was done to take from Cleveland the harbor and transfer it to Brooklyn.

As might be expected a belligerent spirit was aroused between the rival villages, which, like "Banquo's ghost," would not be put down. With a view to secure additional advantages, warehouses and other improvements were constructed on both sides of the river. Determined to acquire a superior "name and fame," Cleveland obtained from the Legislature, early in the session of 1836, a city charter, and elected John W. Willey her first mayor. Her population at that time was five thousand. But Brooklyn was not to be outdone. She applied for a city charter, and before the session of 1836 closed, succeeded in obtaining a city charter, by which it assumed the ponderous name of "Ohio City." Josiah Barber was elected Mayor. The population did not much exceed fifteen hundred.

The effect of these hasty measures was to ad-

vance the value of city lots to fabulous prices, and to generate a spirit of public improvements, and thus increase the burdens of taxation. The fact that both cities adjoined each other and were only separated by the central line of the Cuyahoga river, soon led to perplexing difficulties, involving questions of municipal jurisdiction. The land speculators continued to exercise undue influences in controlling the legislation of the respective City Councils.

One of the most sagacious and active land speculators of Cleveland was James S. Clarke. He built and owned the Columbus street bridge. He was not only an intelligent gentleman, but a shrewd tactician. He foresaw that a collision between the two corporations, in respect to the rightful jurisdiction of the bridge, must soon occur, and, therefore, made a donation of it to the city of Cleveland, which was accepted. Though the dividing line between the two cities was the center of the river, Cleveland claimed to be legally invested with the entire title to the bridge. Ohio City claimed exclusive jurisdiction over the south half of it, and insisted on its abatement, because it diverted public travel from that city to Cleveland. The citizens of both cities became excited.

The west siders "declared war" on the bridge, and proceeded with all the "pomp and circum-

stance of war" to destroy it. The force was armed with axes, saws and crow-bars, and marched to the battle-field, bearing aloft the "stars and stripes," and keeping step to the music. The east siders beheld the demonstration, and, rallying an opposing force, led by several city officials, planted a swivel, heavily charged with musket ball, on the Cleveland side, so directed as to rake the entire line of the bridge, with a gunner about to apply the match, when the west siders, who had already destroyed the draw of the bridge and partially blown up two of its abutments, made a furious charge on the swivel and spiked it. The battle then became general between the contending belligerents, who fought without regard to commands or military tactics, pell-mell, with crow-bars, axes, clubs and pistols, while the blood flowed copiously from many a gash and bruise. A good number on both sides would have been killed outright, had not the sheriff of the county and the city marshal of Cleveland, appeared with additional forces and taken possession of the bridge. They then arrested the ring-leaders of the west side rioters and lodged them in jail. Both parties, however, claimed the victory. The courts finally settled the bridge question. Yet the rivalry and jealousy of the two cities continued to a greater or less extent for the next eighteen years, when a

more genial and friendly spirit prevailed, resulting in a matrimonial union of the two cities, which was consummated in the love-inspiring month of June, in the year 1855. Since that the hearts of both "have beat as one."

In consequence of this union of name and of interests, Cleveland has become a large and populous city. She has extended her borders, and now includes within the limits of her domain nearly thirty square miles, or about twenty thousand acres, with a population of one hundred and seventy thousand. What her future is to be, or what will be the aggregate of her population in fifty years more, who can predict? Yet we know she has already achieved the enviable reputation of being the gem of American cities—

"The beautiful city on the Lake Shore."

CHAPTER XII.

Warren and its First Settlers—Capt. Quimby and his Log Cabin
—The “Old Man of the Woods”—Salt Springs, and Price
of Salt—Depredations of Wild Animals—Slaughter of
the Snakes—The first Dry Goods Store—A Periodical
Boat on the Mahoning—First 4th of July Celebration at
Warren.

When Gov. St. Clair, in the year 1800, erected the Western Reserve into a single county and gave it the name of Trumbull, he fixed the county seat at Warren. The town plat contained at that time a territory of but a mile square. It was surveyed into town lots with streets crossing at right angles by Ephraim Quimby, who was the original proprietor. He gave the town the name of Warren as a compliment to Moses Warren, a worthy friend of his, who resided at Lime, in the State of Connecticut. Quimby was therefore considered the father of the town, and was generally spoken of as “the Captain.” He was appointed by the Governor as one of the county Judges, yet his acquaintances continued to call him “Captain” instead of Judge.

The first house, or rather log cabin, which was erected at Warren, was built by William Fenton, in 1798; and the second by Quimby in 1799, who, anticipating the needs of the future, constructed his cabin on a much larger scale than Fenton, and so arranged it as to contain three spacious apartments, a kitchen, dormitory and jail, so that all classes of people, who might "happen that way," whether honest travelers or rogues, could be accommodated with suitable lodgings. It was well understood that immigrants in those days, who came into the Reserve from the Eastern States, were quite as likely to prove fugitives from justice as honest men. Hence the necessity of a jail. It was not long after the jail was built before it was occupied. The name of the individual, who enjoyed the reputation of being its first occupant, was Perger Sheley. He was arrested on the charge of threatening to kill Judge Young. At this time the town contained but sixteen settlers, one of whom was William Tucker, who had served as a spy in sundry expeditions, commanded by the famous Captain Brady.

The early settlements in the vicinity of Warren commenced for the most part in 1798; though a few adventurers, it is said, had penetrated this region at an earlier period. Among these was an "old man of the woods," who was seen but oc-

casionally, and who was known by the name of "Merryman." He was a merry, jolly old chap, whose place of lodgement in the "vast wilderness" was unknown; yet whenever he appeared in the settlements he always seemed the happiest man alive, especially after exchanging his furs for ammunition of two kinds—powder and ball for his gun, and a few gallons of whisky for his "inner man." He came to be revered by the settlers as a mysterious person, possessed of miraculous powers in the healing art. He claimed to be able to cure "all manner of diseases" by administering a decoction of certain herbs known only to himself. He loved solitude, but hated civilization. He was supposed to be nearly seventy years of age, yet refused to give any account of his life. He disappeared suddenly from the vicinity of Warren, and whither he went was never known.

It is quite probable that the Salt Spring tract, located in the township of Weathersfield near the Mahoning river, was known to white men as early as 1755. This may or may not be true. Augustus Porter, one of the surveying party, alludes to it as being an open ground of two or three acres where salt had evidently been manufactured for an indefinite series of years by the aborigines, and possibly by white men. He found the salt works in a state of general dilapidation. Among

the evidences of their former occupation he discovered partly buried beneath the soil several plank vats, iron kettles, and other articles, which had been at one time employed in salt making by persons possessed of more skill and intelligence than the natives. He also found, at the time of his visit, an Indian and squaw engaged in boiling the saline waters to the consistency of salt in a very slow and primitive way. They sold the salt thus made to the white settlers who were glad to obtain it, though obliged to pay for it at the rate of sixteen dollars a bushel.

In connection with their embarrassments at this early period the settlers were constantly annoyed in the vicinity of Warren by the depredations of ferocious animals, such as wolves, bears and wild cats. These marauders of the forest would approach the cabins of the settlers almost every night, seize and devour their poultry, pigs, calves, and even yearlings, and sometimes carried off hogs weighing a hundred and fifty pounds or more. They often set upon the grown horned cattle, surrounded them, and fought pitched battles with them, which generally resulted in a grand stampede of the cattle to "parts unknown." This gave the owners a great deal of trouble in searching for their oxen and cows, and in recovering them.

In addition to this annoyance from wild beasts,

the country in certain localities was infested with myriads of rattlesnakes and blacksnakes, and many of them of huge proportions. In the township of Braceville, not far from Warren, an extensive colony of these reptiles occupied an elevated range of land with ledges of rocks cropping out in which were open crevices leading down into spacious caves where snakes burrowed in common, and enjoyed a safe and amicable lodgement. There was a fine open spring of water near the foot of the hill to which the snakes resorted for drink. In fair weather thousands of them congregated on the slope of the hill to bask in the genial sunlight, especially in the vernal months of the year. In fact they monopolized the territory of the hill and its vicinity, and nobody dared venture within the circle of their dread domains.

This state of things induced a gallant company of younger men from Warren, in time of peace, to "prepare for war." They armed themselves with clubs, spears, pitchforks and shot-guns, placed themselves under command of Captain Oviatt, and, selecting a warm May morning, quietly yet bravely marched to the sunny slope of the hissing territory. In ascending the hill the tramp of the invaders alarmed the coiled enemy, who lay encamped by thousands on the hillside. Thus startled they rallied, took a fight-

ing attitude by facing their invaders with lifted heads, flashing eyes and darting tongues, when Captain Oviatt, waving his spear and leading the van, ordered a simultaneous attack and bade his men strike—

“Strike till the last armed foe expires,
Strike for your altars and your fires,”

and they did strike, blow after blow, thick and fast, until they exterminated a large share of the embattled host, while the survivors, hissing vengeance, retreated to their dens in the rocks and left their slain still weltering in blood and quivering in death—

“And the red field was won—”

nor did the victors lose a man or suffer harm. Captain Oviatt surveyed the wide-spread carnage and laughed. His brave men caught the infection—

“When loudly rang the proud hurrah.”

They then proceeded to gather the dead, and extinguish the lives of the wounded which were so disabled that they could not retreat, when they found that they had slain 486, some of them more than five feet long, and as large around as a man's ankle.

Not satisfied with this, one of the men undertook to assail the snakes in their den, and leaping with a spear in his hand upon the trunk of a small

tree that lay prostrate across a yawning chasm or fissure in the rocks into which the enemy had glided for safety, commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of the snakes, coiling in their den and maddened into a wild frenzy, when he slipped and fell from the trunk of the tree on which he was standing into the mouth of the chasm, but as luck would have it, caught a firm hold on a shrub projecting from the side of the chasm, before reaching the snakes below, and while screaming in distress, was rescued from his perilous situation by his companions, and thus saved from a terrible death. The snakes, though diminished, were not exterminated until many years afterwards.

The first merchant who attempted to supply Warren and its vicinity with dry goods was James E. Cadwell. He kept his stock of merchandise on a boat, or canoe, which he propelled up and down the Mahoning River by paddles and a setting pole, blowing his horn as he came in sight of the town or neared a settlement, and landing at eligible points invited trade from the settlers. He was liberally patronized, and always received with a kindly welcome. He was accustomed to visit Warren every two weeks, and always conducted trade on board his boat, which he readily converted into a mercantile shop by extending a rough board across it for a counter,

on which he displayed his merchandise in a way so attractive as to delight the eyes of his customers, and especially the eyes of the ladies, who admired the gay colors of his English calicoes.

The ladies of those days generally dressed in homespun and checked aprons. The few who could afford to dress in English calicoes were regarded as belonging to the aristocracy of the country. The marriageable girls, though attractive in homespun, aspired to calicoes, but never dreamed of silks and satins. The young men, in selecting wives, had the sense to see that a beautiful girl and a beautiful dress are two very different things. In a word, it was true hearts and willing hands that characterized the times.

The first public celebration of the Fourth of July, with the exception of the informal observance of that day at Conneaut by the surveying party in 1796, came off at Warren in 1800. The early settlers from far and near attended. Among the more distinguished guests were John Young, Calvin Austin, and others from Youngstown, and Gen. Edward Paine and Judge Eliphalet Austin from the Lake Shore, with a goodly number of other prominent pioneers from the surrounding country.

When assembled it was found that neither a musical band, nor musical instruments, had been

provided to enliven the occasion. As it happened, however, there were two musicians present, the one a fifer and the other a drummer. They resolved on supplying the desired music. The fifer soon manufactured for himself a fife cut from the stem of an elder-bush, while the drummer cut down a hollow pepperidge tree, and from a section of its trunk constructed a drum cylinder, and supplied it with heads cut from a fawn skin, using plow-lines for cords to stretch the heads to the proper tension. He then carved with a penknife a pair of drum-sticks, suspended the extemporized drum to his neck, and, falling into line with the fifer, furnished the waiting assembly with a satiety of patriotic music, by their skillful rendition of such pieces as "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia."

After the assembly had marched to the grove and heard an extemporaneous oration full of fire and patriotism, they proceeded to the rustic dinner table and partook liberally of the "best the country afforded." Then came toasts and patriotic speeches, interluded by the firing of an old musket, and crowned with hurrahs and unmeasured potations of whisky. The exercises, as they progressed, became more and more exciting and hilarious, and were continued with "one accord" until the whisky was exhausted, when the assembly dispersed in as orderly a

manner as became the occasion, every man to his home, feeling that he had had a "good time."

The whisky of those days was a pure article, used only as a social beverage or tonic, and, unlike the poisonous whisky of modern manufacture, did not kill a man at "forty rods," nor induce him to elevate his footsteps lest the rising ground should smite him in the face. While "temperance in all things" should be regarded as not only a divine precept, but as obligatory on all men, yet we know that Saint Paul approved of a little wine for the "stomach's sake." There is no reason to believe, however, that any of the early pioneers were habitual drunkards; and yet they doubtless concurred in opinion with the apostle, and in the absence of wine substituted whisky, which they distilled from grain they themselves had raised, and which they regarded as but the "staff of life" presented in a liquid form. They were acute in their logical deductions. At that time the "temperance question" was unknown. Had it been known they doubtless would have remained of the "same opinion still." Yet theirs was a moral standard which has by no means been excelled in these "latter days" of social refinement.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Whisky Debauch at Salt Springs—Two Indian Chiefs Killed by White Men—Consequent Alarm among White Settlers—Arrest of McMahon for Murder—His Trial and Acquittal—Indians Reconciled—Burial of their Dead—First Territorial Court held at Warren, between two Corn Cribbs—Trials of Daniel Shehy and Lorenzo Carter—First Post Route—Simon Perkins, Postmaster—Storer Escapes.

It was but a short time after the late celebration of the Fourth of July, at Warren, that an unhappy occurrence took place at the Salt Springs, between the Indians and three white men, who were engaged in manufacturing salt. A considerable number of Indians were encamped near the springs, several of whom had been to Youngstown, and but recently returned with a liberal supply of whisky. Whether specially invited, or not, the white men entered the Indian camp and were permitted to unite with the Indians in taking copious potations of the whisky and in having a general jolification.

While indulging in this drunken frolic, the Indians became quarrelsome, and compelled the white men to retreat into the forest for safety. The white men feeling that their lives were in danger succeeded in reaching Warren, where they rallied to their assistance eight or ten additional men, and returned the next day to the Springs with a view to chastise the Indians for their insolence. They found the Indians still in camp at the springs, sitting on the ground in idle groups, and taking it easy after the previous day's debauch. Joseph McMahon, the foreman of the white men, who were manufacturing salt, boldly entered the circle and accosted the chief in the Indian language. The chief, whose name was Tuscarawa George, sprang to his feet, seized his hatchet and struck at McMahon, with the evident design to kill him, but failed in the attempt. McMahon having his rifle in hand then shot the chief, who fell dead on the spot. The chief, though possessed of an impulsive temperament, was much beloved and venerated by his tribe. He was tenacious of his rights, and suspicious of the ultimate intentions of the incursive white population, and often boasted that he had slain in his lifetime, with his own hand, more than a hundred white men.

This sudden and inglorious fall of their chief threw the Indians into confusion and a wild state

of excitement, in the midst of which Richard Storer, from Warren, a friend of McMahon, shot another Indian, known as "Spotted John," who had assumed a threatening attitude, and was standing partially hidden behind a tree with his squaw and her two papposes, one of which was strapped on her back and the other clasped in her arms. The bullet fired by Storer struck the Indian in the hip, sped on and unluckily broke the arm of one pappoose, the leg of the other and wounded his squaw in the neck, though not seriously.

The news of this disastrous and unexpected occurrence, created a panic among the inoffensive settlers at Warren, who felt that the Indians would take summary vengeance by massacring the entire population of the town. They, therefore, took the precaution to barricade themselves every night for two weeks, or more, in the staunch-built and capacious log-cabin of Capt. Quimby. But no attack, if contemplated, was made; yet the settlers thought it advisable to take speedy steps to appease the Indians.

They, therefore, caused McMahon to be arrested and taken to jail at Pittsburgh, where he remained for a short time, when he was returned to Youngstown and put on his trial for the crime of murder. The jury was composed of white men with several Indians who were the friends of

the defunct chief. McMahon plead not guilty, and claimed that he killed the chief in self defense. Both the Indians and white men were examined as witnesses, and after a full hearing and charge from the judge, the prisoner was acquitted by the verdict of the jury. The Indians generally concurred in the justice of the verdict.

An attempt was made to arrest Storer for killing "Spotted John," but he managed to escape. The Indians said they did not care to have Storer tried, for the reason that they well knew "Spotted John" to be a base fellow and did not much lament his death. It is said that several other Indians were killed in this quarrel at Salt Springs, or subsequent encounters growing out of it. How this may be is not satisfactorily known. It is evident, however, that the Indians, after the trial of McMahon, became reconciled, and that peaceable relations between the belligerent parties were restored.

The Indians who remained at camp, had in the meantime gathered their dead, and with funeral wails, bore them to a pleasant spot, two or three miles down the river, where they buried them beneath mounds or hillocks, composed chiefly of interwoven sticks, grass and sods. They then drove a stake at the head of each grave, and hung upon it a new pair of buckskin breeches.

In addition to this, they placed a considerable quantity of cooked meat and other food on the graves. When asked the reason for observing these ceremonies, they replied that the Great Spirit, after the lapse of thirty days, would resurrect their dead friends and transfer them to pleasant hunting grounds far away in the North, where they would enjoy peace, plenty and happiness forever; and that the breeches were intended for them to wear, and the food for them to eat while on their way to the realms of that distant paradise.

But notwithstanding their sincere faith, it so happened that during the ensuing night after the interment, a high wind prevailed, and in the morning neither breeches nor food could be found. The Indians believed that the Great Spirit had interfered, and that the spirits of their dead friends had started on their long journey to the "happy land," and taken both food and breeches with them. The inquisitive white men of the vicinity entertained a different belief, especially when one of them related the fact that he owned a slut with five half-grown greedy pups, which had been absent during the night and returned in the morning, evidently gorged with an unusual supply of food. He also expressed the opinion that it was the "spirits of the wind" who had stolen the breeches. In this

solution of the mystery all were agreed except the Indians. It may be presumed, however, that the old dead Chief, George, groaned in "spirit," as he lay in his grave and beheld his new pair of buckskin breeches depart on the gale into the depths of the sky, and that he soliloquized as follows:

"My breeches, O my breeches,
I see them straddling through the air,
Alas! too late to win them;
I see them chase the clouds as if
The devil still were in them;
They were my darlings and my pride,
My hope, my only riches;
Farewell, farewell, a long farewell,
My breeches, O my breeches!"

The first territorial Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace held at Warren, convened on the 4th Monday of August, in 1800. The session was held, for want of a Court House, between two spacious "corn cribs" on the farm of Capt. Quimby. The tribunal consisted of several Justices of the Peace. It was doubtless a dignified Court. It is presumed that the criminals, then and there arraigned, were confined in the cribs, and that most of them, if not all, "acknowledged the corn" without the formality of a trial. It has often been said that justice, in this free country, is brought to every man's door; but it is a rare instance that brings it to his corn crib.

At the first session of the Court a large amount of county business was transacted, and the requisite number of officers appointed. George Tod, afterwards Judge, was appointed to prosecute the pleas of the United States. A committee of seven, consisting of Amos Spafford, David Hudson, Simon Perkins, John Minor, Aaron Wheeler, Edward Paine, and Calvin Austin, was appointed to divide the county of Trumbull into civil townships, describe their boundaries and report to the Court. Another committee was appointed, consisting of Thurhand Kirtland, John Kinsman and Calvin Austin, to provide some place for a temporary jail, until a county jail could be built. The committee retired for consultation, and soon came into Court and reported that they had procured the southwest corner room in Ephraim Quimby's log house for a jail, until a more appropriate one could be erected. The report was confirmed, and Ephraim Quimby, more familiarly known as the "Captain," recommended to the Governor of the Territory as a suitable person to keep a House of Public Entertainment.

The first jury trial which occurred in this court, took place in 1801, at its May term, in the case of the United States vs. Daniel Shehy for assault and battery; fined \$20 and costs, and put under bonds of \$100 to keep the peace for a year. This

territorial court, in August, 1802, granted Lorenzo Carter, of Cleveland, a license to keep a tavern, fee \$4, and appointed George Tod, appraiser of taxable property, and ordered that the house of James Kingsbury be the place, at Cleveland, for holding town meetings and elections.

The territorial court, soon after the adoption of the State constitution, was merged in the organization of a system of State courts. The first man, who was indicted by a grand jury in Trumbull county, after the reorganization of the courts, was Lorenzo Carter, of Cleveland, for assault and battery. The Major, as he was called, was extensively known as an upright and prominent citizen. When arrested and taken to Warren for trial, he was not only astonished, but greatly mortified. He was so universally popular at home, that his friends had resolved to protect him when the sheriff came to make the arrest, and in order to effect his object the sheriff was obliged to summon a *posse comitatus* to aid him. The offense with which he was charged was considered frivolous in its character. It grew out of a dispute with a neighbor, whose dog, as Carter alleged, had broken into his spring-house and lapped the contents of a pan of milk, for which Carter had summarily chastised the brute. His neighbor, to whom the dog belonged, declared the animal in-

nocent of the offense, and pronounced Carter a "liar," who returned the compliment by slapping his accuser in the face. The neighbor sought revenge by procuring Carter to be indicted for assault and battery.

It was supposed by the court and citizens at Warren, from what had been heard of Carter, as a famous hunter and daring frontiersman, that he must be a dangerous fellow ; but when he was arraigned in court, his kind expression of face and respectful manners, reversed at once the unfavorable impressions which had prevailed in relation to his character. When called in court to answer the charge alleged against him, he arose and in a frank manner plead "guilty." His attorney, George Tod, then stated the mitigating circumstances of the case, the gross and unjustifiable insult which provoked Carter to commit the offense, and the good character he possessed among his neighbors, as a useful and peaceable citizen, and then submitted the matter to the judgment of the court. The court regarding the matter as a trifling offense, fined the accused six cents, and ordered him to pay the costs. This was the first time Carter had been involved in a legal proceeding. He returned to Cleveland, and was received by his many friends with a frank demonstration of their congratulations. The Major assured his friends that he had "learned a lesson" which cost him a large

amount of vexation and but little money. His accuser removed in haste from Cleveland, and sought a healthier locality.

Among the first post routes established in the Reserve, was the route from Warren to Pittsburgh, in 1801. Simon Perkins was appointed postmaster at Warren. The postoffice was kept in a building constructed of logs. The through mail matter was carried in a bag, the key to which was designated by a wooden label attached to it, while the way mail matter was carried, tied up in a handkerchief. The post-boy rode on horseback, traveling at the rate of twenty miles a day, and blowing a tin-horn on reaching the postal stations; nor was such a thing as a railway mail train, traveling at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour, dreamed of in the pioneer philosophy of those days. It would be amusing to see how strangely bewildered those early pioneers would be, if they could but arise from their dreamless slumbers and behold with what ease we now, by the aid of science, harness the lightning of the heavens and compel it to carry the news around the globe in less than three minutes. If they could see this, they would doubtless believe that the "age of miracles" had not only returned, but that Divine power had been delegated to man to control the elements of Nature, if not to assume the Divine government.

CHAPTER XIV.

Rev. Joseph Badger, Mission and Career—Exemplary Character of first Settlers at Warren—Ashtabula County—Jefferson, the County Seat—Its Founder and its Eminent Men—Conneaut, originally an Indian Town—Two White Captives made to Run the Gauntlet—Ancient Burial Ground—The “Chip” and its Record.

THE first Christian Missionary who came to the Western Reserve to preach the Gospel, and to whom allusion has already been made, was sent from Connecticut. His name was the Rev. Joseph Badger. He arrived in the spring of 1800, and entered at once upon his benevolent labors. He traveled on horseback from one settlement to another, through mud, snow and rain, to fill his appointments. For the want of churches, or other public places of worship, he held his religious services in the log cabins of the settlers and in log school houses, as opportunities offered. He was generally received with a cordial welcome wherever he went. For

some eight years or more he resided with his family at Gustavus, in Trumbull county.

His life was one of varied experiences, and if it could be written, would be of deep interest. He was born at Windham, Mass., 1757. He was liberally educated, and graduated at Yale College in 1785. He had previously enlisted and served as a soldier in the Revolutionary War. He was ordained in 1787 as a minister of the Gospel, and took charge, as pastor of a church at Blandford, in his native State, where his ministry gave great satisfaction, and where he remained for fourteen years.

He came to the Western Reserve with an earnest purpose. He loved his fellow men, whether civilized or uncivilized, and made unwearied efforts in their behalf. His labors in the wilds of the Reserve were crowned with a wonderful success. He laid the broad foundations of a Christian morality which still characterizes the population of this entire region of the West. The good fruits of his early missionary labors soon became apparent. Even those who at first scoffed at his efforts, soon became his sincere friends, and in many instances avowed publicly, their conversion to the Christian faith.

In short the Rev. Joseph Badger was the friend of everybody, and everybody his friend. He was a practical man, plain in his style of living,

and genial in his social intercourse. In many instances he was entrusted with the transaction of the most important business affairs, and always succeeded in giving satisfaction. His fame went abroad. He was often consulted in matters of a governmental character, pertaining to the Western Reserve, by the heads of departments at Washington.

In 1812, Gov. Meigs appointed him Chaplain to the army. He was present in that capacity at the siege of Fort Meigs in 1813, and remained attached to the command of Gen. Harrison during the war. He then retired to the field of his former labors as a missionary, and for a considerable time took the charge of two or more churches, preaching alternately in each. In 1835 he removed from Trumbull county to Wood county, where he lived not only to continue his good work for some years, but to see the fruits of his wide field of labors ripen into a rich harvest. He died in 1846, at the advanced age of eighty-nine years.

“His youth was innocent, his riper age,
Marked with some act of goodness, every day;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
Faded his late declining years away.
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.”

It will be recollected that Trumbull county, as organized in 1800, embraced within its limits the

entire territory of the Western Reserve. Her extensive domain since that date has, from time to time, been divided and subdivided into some dozen counties or more. She may therefore be regarded as the mother of a large family of promising daughters, all of whom are happily settled in life, and of whom she may well be proud. They all seem, like herself, destined to achieve a brilliant future. They have all been bred to habits of honest industry, and have already become rich in "this world's goods," and are still growing richer in the development of their natural resources and by the culture of their mental and moral powers.

The class of men and women, who first settled in Warren and in its adjoining towns, were remarkable for their energy of character and general intelligence. Many of them came into the country bringing with them considerable wealth, which they had the wisdom to invest in the purchase of large tracts of the best lands and in general improvements. At that early day they constituted the "aristocracy" of the Western Reserve, and gave tone to public sentiment. A score or more of names of distinguished families, who gave distinction to Warren and towns in its vicinity, might be mentioned, if it were not invidious to attempt it. Suffice it to say, that their names, their generous deeds, and their exemplary lives

will never be forgotten, but on the contrary, will ever be cherished and remembered by succeeding generations with gratitude and reverent admiration.

The county of Ashtabula takes its name from its river. The name is of Indian origin, and signifies "fish river," because the river abounded in fish. This county was organized in 1811, and has now become wealthy. Its population is both enterprising and intelligent. In its politics the county has ever been anti-Democratic. Hence Gov. Wood, in a public speech, applied to it the dusky epithet—"benighted Ashtabula." Its county seat, however, bears the Democratic name of Jefferson.

The township of Jefferson was originally owned by Gideon Granger, of Connecticut, who made the first improvement in it as early as 1804, by procuring ten or twelve acres of its central land to be cleared and sown in wheat. It is on this primitive wheat-field that the village of Jefferson is located. The wheat then raised was excellent, and the town has ever since produced more or less "good wheat" in the quality of its men and women.

Though both the township and village inherit the name of the great patriot, who was not only a philosopher, but the author of the Declaration of American Independence, yet it would seem

that the shadow of his greatness has had but little influence in controlling the politics of either the township or village, especially the latter, which has become famous as the home of the late Hon. Joshua R. Giddings and Hon. Benj. F. Wade, the political catapults, who not only threw stones at glass-houses, but shared largely in the work of knocking slavery in the head.

The first white men, who came to the Western Reserve with a view to reside, settled within the present limits of Ashtabula county. They were emigrants from the Eastern States, and accompanied the surveying party led by Gen. Cleaveland. They landed, in connection with that party at the mouth of Conneaut creek, on the 4th of July, 1796. The name of Conneaut was given to the creek by the Indians, and signifies in their language "many fish."

The town of Conneaut is said to be the oldest town in Northern Ohio. Its citizens are enterprising and intelligent, and do honor to the primitive stock from which they are mostly descended. When the forefathers of the town first arrived, they found its site occupied by twenty or thirty Indian cabins, which presented an air of neatness and comfort quite remarkable, and which indicated the attainment of a considerable degree of civilization. These Indians were known as the Massauga tribe. Their chief was a man of noble

bearing, dignified and sedate, and possessed of unusual native talent. He seemed born to command. There were but few white men who could excel him in debate, or in the application of a shrewd and forcible logic. His tribe had occupied the site of Conneaut from time immemorial. It was a section of country that furnished them with an abundant supply of fish and wild game—a “lodgment in the vast wilderness” to which they had become patriotically attached. They were a bold and brave tribe, and loved war as well as their native forest home.

This tribe sent a band of their bravest warriors to the field of battle in 1791, which resulted in the defeat of Gen. St. Clair. On their return they captured two young men, who were stragglers from St. Clair's army, and brought them to Conneaut, where they were confined for some time, and finally made to run the gauntlet, receiving kicks and blows at every step as is customary on such occasions. The Indians then held a council, and determined that one of the captives, Fitz Gibbon, should be spared, and that the other, whose name is unknown, should be consigned to the flames and be burned to death. They then tied him to a tree, and piled fagots and other combustibles about him, and were proceeding to apply the torch, when a young squaw touched with sympathy, if not impelled by a

still tenderer passion, sprang from the crowd and implored the chief to spare the life of the victim. Her pathetic appeal, her wail and her tears overcame the heart and the resolution of the chief, and thus secured the release of the young captive from his imminent peril. If we could trace the sequel of this affair, it is quite probable it terminated in an "affair of the heart," and perhaps in a long and happy domestic life, spent in the wilderness.

From evidences which appear in the eastern part of the village of Conneaut, such as ancient mounds, artificial terraces, and elevated squares of level land, over which forest trees, large and aged, had grown prior to the visit of the surveying party in 1796, it would seem that this locality had been occupied by a pre-historic race of the human family. Of this fact the evidences are quite irresistible, and have been accepted by sundry antiquarians as conclusive. In excavating some of these mounds in the year 1800, human bones of gigantic proportions were discovered in such a state of preservation as to be accurately described and measured. The cavities of the skulls were large enough in their dimensions to receive the entire head of a man of modern times, and could be put on one's head with as much ease as a hat or cap. The jaw-bones were sufficiently large to admit of being

placed so as to match or fit the outside of a modern man's face. The other bones, so far as discovered, appeared to be of equal proportions with the skulls and jawbones, several of which have been preserved as relics in the cabinets of antiquarians, where they may still be seen.

The grounds where these bones were found are limited to an area in the form of an oblong square, containing about four acres, and bear marks of having been surveyed into lots by lines running north and south, resembling in their general aspect, a modern Christian cemetery. There are many depressions here and there, in the surface of this ancient burial place, which unmistakably indicate graves. The number has been estimated from two to three thousand.

In connection with this marvel the early white settlers discovered tracts of land in the vicinity, which, though covered with a dense forest, exhibited traces of having been once occupied by a civilized race, who must have disappeared many centuries before this extensive region of the great Lakes was known to history. Who they were, and what they were, can only be conjectured by the landmarks which they have left behind them. The gigantic dimensions of these bones refute the idea that they were descended from any of the European races known to the Eastern continent, but indicate that there was in the early

ages a "race of giants on the earth," who have long since become extinct, like the mastodon, the saurian, and many other huge animals belonging to the remote geological periods, whose fossil remains are now their only record.

The fact that a race of gigantic men once existed on this continent, is verified by the frequent discoveries of human bones, in several of the Western States, as well as elsewhere, which are very much larger than the skeletons of any race of men known to the historic ages of the world. In the remote age of the mastodon and saurian, both plant life and animal life assumed in many instances, huge proportions, and in all probability included in successive ages huge men who, as well as huge plants, were doomed to disappear from the face of the earth after completing the allotted period of their destiny, in order to make room in accordance with the progressive law of Nature, for new developments, possessing more of the mental and less of the physical in their composition and organization.

In 1829, a tree of the forest near Conneaut was cut down, and a chip which was cut from near the heart of it, bore upon its face the gash of an axe, which it had evidently received at a period when the tree was comparatively but a sapling. In counting the annual rings in the trunk of this tree, which were formed outside of the chip in

the subsequent growth of the tree, it was found that the number aggregated three hundred and fifty, indicating pretty conclusively that three hundred and fifty years had elapsed since that chip received the blow of the axe which had thus left its mark upon it. If we deduct from the year 1829, the number of annual rings which were counted, it will give us the year 1479, as the year in which the chip received the cut from the ancient axe—a period which extends back to thirteen years prior to the discovery of America by Columbus.

It is generally conceded that there was at some remote period a race of aborigines, occupying portions of our Western wilds, who had acquired the art of manufacturing edge tools of copper, and of so tempering them that they would cut about as well as our modern steel implements. It is therefore quite probable that some one of these Conneaut giants, when living, struck this tree in its infancy with a copper hatchet, inflicting the gash still apparent on the chip, and then stayed his hand and concluded to "spare that tree," for some reason which can never be known. Whoever "did the deed" has certainly left behind him an interesting record of his work, which, though inscribed on the tablet of a "chip," may endure perhaps in antiquarian history when prouder memorials, sculptured in

marble, have crumbled into dust. It is evident the "chip," if not cut from the "old block," was cut by a descendant of the "first man," Adam, and ought at least to be regarded as one of the footprints of the past, to which Longfellow alludes—

“Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o’er life’s solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.”

CHAPTER XV.

Harpersfield and its first Settlers—Threatened Famine—Two Heroic Young Men—One breaks through the Ice—Deacon Hudson—Church at Austinburg—Its Wonderful Revival—Antics of its Converts—Infallibility of Judge Austin—His Decision as to Church Membership.

A SETTLEMENT was made as early as 1798, at Harpersfield, in the county of Ashtabula. The adventurers consisted of three families, that of Alexander Harper, William McFarland, and Ezra Gregory, all of whom emigrated from the State of New York, and located in the township of Harpersfield, which derives its name from its original proprietor, Alexander Harper. They arrived here in June, after suffering many hardships and privations on their long journey. The vessel, which they had chartered to bring their household goods and supply of provisions for the ensuing winter, was unfortunately lost in a storm on the Lake, with its entire cargo.

The season had so far advanced when they ar-

rived at their new home, as to preclude the possibility of clearing land and growing crops to furnish them with supplies for the coming winter. In all, there were twenty persons, who must be fed, or die of starvation. They erected for themselves log-cabins, and commenced to clear off the land, which was densely covered with a gigantic growth of forest trees. With the fish and wild game which they caught, they managed to live comfortably until winter, when they found that their corn and other provisions were nearly exhausted. The snow fell to great depths, and the cold became intensely severe. In fact the rivers and smaller streams were so frozen and covered with snow as to become invisible, while the blazed routes of travel were rendered almost impassable by wind-falls of timber and snow-drifts. Thus barricaded in the midst of a vast wilderness, these isolated families began to despair, when they looked upon their surroundings and appreciated the fact that their stock of provisions was already reduced to a few remaining quarts of corn. Feeling that starvation was literally "staring them in the face," they resolved to prolong life as long as possible, and from day to day parched a part of the corn, allowing to each person but six kernels. In a few days this little store of corn became nearly exhausted. It was impossible, in the midst of the blockade, to

fish or hunt with hope of success. While they still trusted in Providence, they foresaw no token of relief. The dark cloud of utter despair was fast settling down upon them, when two brave young men of their number, James and William Harper, announced themselves ready and willing to hazard their lives in the attempt to secure relief.

These heroic young men then equipped themselves as best they could, penetrated the gloom of the dense forest on foot, in the direction of Elk creek, Pa., where after several days of severe struggle they arrived in safety, and succeeded in obtaining two sacks of corn, which they carried back to Harpersfield on their shoulders, reaching there just in time to save the lives of their famishing friends. The joy and gratitude which were expressed by the sufferers on the timely receipt of this relief may be imagined, but cannot be described.

The supply of corn, thus procured, was entirely inadequate to sustain twenty persons for any considerable time. Hence these resolute young men repeated their visit to Elk creek, several times during the winter for the purpose of procuring additional supplies. On one of these trips a young friend accompanied them, and while returning homeward, on the ice of the Lake coast, William Harper, with a bag of corn on his

shoulder, broke through the ice, and was precipitated with his bag into the water. He saved himself from drowning by scrambling upon a piece of floating ice, while his bag was left to float on the water. "What shall we do about the bag?" cried William, as he swam amid the ice fragments. Let it go, replied his brother James. "No," said the daring William, "I will recover the bag and myself, too, if you and our friend will go ashore and kindle a fire."

On receiving this assurance, James and his friend, nearly overcome with the cold, were but too glad to retire to the woodland on shore, and kindle a fire. In the meantime, William succeeded in recovering the bag and himself from peril, and in safely reaching the shore, where he expected to find a cheerful fire awaiting him, by which he could warm his chilled limbs and dry his wet clothing which had frozen stiffly upon him; but, to his surprise, found his companions so benumbed with the cold and so much inclined to fall asleep, that they had not been able to kindle a fire. He instantly seized and shook them both into a wakeful mood, struck with flint and steel a fire, around whose cheering blaze they all gathered and resuscitated themselves. The two who were so benumbed with the cold, on coming to the fire and getting warm, became suddenly ill. William, an adept at almost anything, prescribed for

them prompt remedies which had the desired effect, when the party resumed their journey, and in the course of a few days arrived at the Harpersfield settlement with their bags of corn. It is needless to say that they were received by their friends with a hearty welcome, and that their hazardous adventure on the ice became the general topic of interest. The story of this heroic adventure has often been repeated as one of the proudest historical events connected with the early settlement of Harpersfield. It proves the fact that the moral hero often excels in courage the military chieftain.

The whole number of souls known to have settled at different points in the Western Reserve, at this early date, was less than one hundred and fifty. In this number are included the three families located at Harpersfield, ten families at Youngstown, three at Cleveland, two at Mentor, three at Burton, and one at Hudson. It is quite probable that two or three families had settled at Conneaut.

The town of Hudson derives its name from one of its original proprietors, Deacon Hudson, who was the first white man that settled there with his family, and to whom reference has already been made in these pages. As the town grew, he grew to be the great man, and was clothed, if not "in purple and fine linen," with political,

judicial and ecclesiastical power, holding the office of Postmaster, Justice of the Peace, Associate Judge of the Quarter Sessions, and Deacon of the Church. He will long be remembered, not only as a man of ability and the strictest integrity, but as a Christian of the "strictest sect."

It is understood that the first church organization which took place in the Western Reserve, was effected by Rev. Joseph Badger, the missionary, at Austinburgh, in 1801. It consisted at that time of but sixteen persons. In the course of a few years it came to be known as the "mother church" of the Western Reserve. It was a church "without a bishop," but not without a history. The town in which it was located took its name from the original proprietor, Eliphalet Austin, who emigrated from Connecticut and settled here with his family in 1799. He was regarded not only as the patriarch of the town, but as the main "pillar of the church." Though possessed of no more than a common school education, he became conspicuous for his shrewdness, tact and good judgment. In consequence of this he was selected by the Governor and appointed one of the Judges of the County Court. He took a deep interest in promoting the success of the church, and in extending its influence by gathering within its "pale," as

many of those whose footsteps had led them astray as possible. In order to do this, a scheme of "revival" was projected and put into operation. This effort to recruit the church soon created an uncontrollable degree of religious excitement, which, like a whirlwind, swept over the land far and near, until it exhausted itself.

The phenomena which attended this religious excitement were generally accepted as miraculous. Its subjects consisted of both men and women, who were seized, in the first instance, by a variety of symptoms, resulting in agonies of spirit and contortions of body, which could not be controlled by the will or by imposing physical restraint. Though men and women were affected much in the same way, yet nearly all the women, when seized by these mysterious spasms, sprang to their feet, whirled on their toes with extended arms and disheveled hair, until exhausted, then fell to the floor, and were seemingly lost in a trance; while the men enacted all sorts of strange antics, some of whom were seized with a violent jerking of the head, neck and limbs, and others crept and howled like wolves of the forest, or rather "wolves in sheep's clothing." Some danced like David before the "ark of the covenant," while others leaped over chairs and benches in rapid flight, thus endeavoring to escape from the "evil one," who as they fancied

was following them in "hot pursuit." Some knelt and prayed in a "loud voice," as if they thought God had turned a "deaf ear," while infidels scoffed, and indulged in severity of criticism and half-suppressed laughter.

Yet, strange as it may seem, these enthusiastic demonstrations were accepted by the multitude as evidence of genuine conversion, and as the work of the "holy spirit" moving in a "mysterious way." The few who did not sympathize with the movement were denounced as rebels, "fighting against God." Whatever may have been the estimate made of the matter at that time, there are but few who would, in this age, accept it as a "Divine work," though some beneficial results may have grown out of it.

It did have the effect, however, to recruit the church by adding to it some thirty or forty new members, who had been gathered from Austinburgh and the neighboring towns of Morgan and Harpersfield. From this time forward, this primitive church continued to grow in numbers as well as in "grace," and finally came to be widely known as the "mother church" of the Western Reserve. Its influence, both in a spiritual and material point of view, was felt and acknowledged generally, and hence membership was often sought as a stepping-stone, not only to respectability, but to wealth and official distinc-

tion. Of course, the church became a "power in the land," and candidates for admission numerous. When doubts arose, whether pertaining to church or state, they were referred to Judge Austin for solution. Nobody presumed to question his "infallibility." On one occasion a notorious and degraded shipwreck of a man, applied to the ecclesiastical authorities for admission to fellowship in this church. His profession of faith was unequivocal, and apparently sincere, but in the odor of his life there was no "savory smell" of frankincense. His case was referred to Judge Austin for a decision. He called very soon on the Judge to ascertain his decision, when the Judge, with seeming regret, but in a very gracious manner, informed him that there was no "vacancy" in the church at present, and consequently his application must be deferred until a more "convenient season."

CHAPTER XVI.

Woodmen of Geneva—Morse's Slough—Bread Cast on the Waters
—Comic Sequel—A Hunter attacked by Wolves—Attempt
of two Women to shoot a Bear—The Deer-hunter of
Conneaut drifted in a Canoe across the Lake—His Expe-
riences and safe Return.

THE township of Geneva remained an unbroken wilderness until the year 1809. It is located on the Lake Shore, in the county of Ash-tabula. The first axemen, who were employed to fell the trees and clear off a portion of its territory, commenced their labors in the northeast corner of the township, through which runs a sluggish creek, still known as "Morse's Slough." They gave it this name because one of their number, whose name was Morse, while attempting to cross the stream in winter with a bag of bread, strapped to his shoulders, broke through the ice and sank in the mud so deep as to be unable to extricate himself. Two or three of his companions, who happened to be following his

track at a little distance, discovered the mishap, and, hastening to his relief, soon rescued him from his perilous situation. They were but too glad to rescue him, and especially the bread. It was on this bread and the wild game they could shoot, that the party depended for their daily allowance of food, while encamped in the lone forest. Morse, when lifted from the mire, was not only a pitiful, but a comical figure to behold. He was so chilled and suffocated with mud as to require prompt efforts, on the part of his companions, to save him from a distressing death. His companions, however, soon detached the bag from his shoulders, scraped the mud from his person, kindled a fire, placed him before it, administered from a pocket flask a liberal potation of whisky, and thus succeeded in restoring him to a comfortable condition of body and a much happier frame of mind.

They then passed around the pocket flask, and began to rally Morse by administering gratuitous advice and jocular remarks. "Morse," said one of his companions, "I hope you will never attempt to cross that creek again when you are *strapped*, if you would avoid being drowned." Morse replied, "I supposed I could walk over safely with the staff of life to sustain me;" pointing to his bag of bread. "But you see," said another, "that in casting your bread

upon the waters, you found it the same day, instead of waiting many days." "Yes," retorted Morse, "but I find that man cannot live by bread alone," putting the pocket flask to his lips and exhausting its remaining contents.

Here these facetious theologians of the solitary wilderness closed their colloquy. Morse returned to his home in the settlement, to repair his dilapidated condition and recruit himself, while his companions proceeded to the scene of their labors in the forest. The treacherous creek in which Morse was so unceremoniously baptized with his bag of bread, will long continue, doubtless, to be known as "Morse's Slough."

Not long after this accident happened at the creek, a young man by the name of Elijah Thompson, while hunting game in the forests of Geneva township, armed with a rifle and accompanied by his favorite dog, encountered near nightfall a pack of seven hungry wolves. The wolves were evidently in a famishing condition, and disposed to satiate their ravenous appetites. The dog first saw them as they were approaching his master and attacked them in a resolute manner, but was soon sadly bitten and compelled to retreat, when his master fired into the pack, wounding several, while the others rushed on him in the most threatening manner. He then commenced beating them right and left with his

rifle, and, after a severe conflict of some minutes, succeeded in dispersing his assailants, who retreated howling with broken legs and cracked skulls, leaving him "alone in his glory," with nothing left as the "spoils of victory" but the shattered remains of his rifle and his faithful dog bleeding and crouching at his feet. He congratulated himself, however, on his escape, and clasping his disabled dog under one arm, and bearing the remains of his rifle on the other, he reached home late in the night, feeling thankful for his timely deliverance; and doubtless the wolves felt equally thankful that they had escaped without losing their scalps.

Geneva became famous in early times for her heroic men and women. The wives of Morgan and Murrain, who occupied the same cabin, of a dark night, during the absence of their husbands from home, heard an unusual disturbance among the inmates of a pig-sty, located near the cabin, and, springing out of bed to make an exploration, discovered a huge bear helping himself to a young pig in an unceremonious way. They first attempted to frighten away his bearship by loud screams and hurling fire-brands at him, but soon found that this mode of warfare made no impression on the insolence of the merciless and blood-thirsty brute. They then resolved to try what virtue there might be in the use of firearms, and

hastening to the cabin seized an old unloaded musket, which belonged to one of their husbands, and which took a heavy charge in order to load it, as they had heard their husbands say. One of the women poured into the tube a quantity of powder, and adding a bullet thrust it down with the ramrod, primed the gun, and then both sallied out into the midnight darkness, one with the gun, and the other with a torchlight, to shoot the bear, who in the meantime had made rapid progress in slaughtering the helpless litter of inoffensive pigs. The woman who held the gun, on arriving at the pig-sty, leveled the deadly weapon at the enemy and fired. The report was fearful. The gun by its recoil prostrated the woman instead of the bear, who deliberately betook himself to the woodlands, keeping "step to the music" of a pig in his mouth, still alive and squealing in hopeless agonies.

In the fall of the year 1817, a celebrated deer hunter by the name of Sweetland, who resided at Conneaut, while engaged one bright sunny morning in his favorite sport, startled a fine buck from his retreat in the woodlands, and pursued him with his hounds in such "hot haste" that his buckship was compelled, when he reached the mouth of the creek and found himself cornered, to plunge into the Lake and swim from shore with all his agility, in order to escape from the hounds.

When Sweetland arrived at the bank of the Lake, he saw the deer swimming in the distance away from shore, and in the excitement of the moment threw off his hat and coat on the beach, and leaped into a log canoe, with but a single paddle, and rowed with all his might in pursuit of the fugitive. The wind was blowing strongly from the south, favoring the speed of both the pursuer and pursued, in a northerly direction across the Lake.

The chase became more and more exciting as the canoe gained on the deer, and when it reached him, Sweetland lifted his paddle to strike the heroic swimmer on the head, but the canoe being under swift sail, passed the game before he could deal the intended blow. His buckship, as the canoe shot ahead of him, concluded not to follow in the wake of a companionship that had made such a threatening demonstration, and suddenly reversed his direction, and swam directly back to shore. Sweetland attempted to change his tactics, but, in despite of all his efforts, the adverse winds drifted his frail bark still further into the broadening expanse of the Lake. In looking back he saw the crafty old buck reach the shore in safety and disappear in his native forest home. He also beheld on the distant bluff, near where the buck landed, his own dear home, a log-cabin, in which

he knew his wife and children were anxiously awaiting his return ; and still gazing, saw it fade out of sight in the dim distance. He now felt that he was, indeed, a "child of destiny," abandoned to the mercy of the winds and waves, and drifting onward and away from all that was dearest to him on earth, whether to an unknown shore or a watery grave, he knew not ; and, as he thought of his wife and children, whom he could hardly expect to see again, a tear suffused his eye.

Yet Sweetland was a brave man. He comprehended his perilous situation, dashed the tear from his eye, headed his canoe in the direction of the wind and indulged in the "forlorn hope" that he might safely cross the Lake and reach the Canada shore. Forlorn as his hope seemed, he still had faith in himself and in a merciful Providence. In the meantime several of his friends, whom he had left behind him at the mouth of the creek, and who had been watching him in his wild adventure, saw that he had disappeared amid the mountain billows in the perilous distance, and, becoming alarmed, manned a boat and sailed in search of him ; but, after cruising about for several hours in the region of the Lake where he disappeared from view, the darkness of night overtook them and compelled them to return, despairing of ever seeing him again.

And still the brave hunter went drifting before the wind into the darkness of midnight, with increasing speed, standing erect in his canoe, hatless, and with his hair streaming behind him, like a spirit walking the troubled deep. He was obliged to take a central posture in order to preserve an equilibrium, as he sped on in his craft, which was fearfully dancing like a cork over the crest of the maddened billows. In this way and with intense anxiety, he sped on and on, for thirty-six hours, when he reached Long Point, and landed safely on the Canadian shore. Here he found himself alone on a desolate coast, many miles away from any human habitation, famishing with hunger and nearly exhausted with fatigue. He felt an irresistible inclination to fall asleep. He hauled his canoe on shore, adjusted himself in his "cradle of the deep" and was soon lost in a profound slumber. When he awoke the cravings of hunger reminded him of his need of food. He made diligent search in the vicinity, but could find nothing edible. The sun was now fast declining in the west, when he resolved to traverse the beach of the Lake in further search of food, hoping to find clams or a stranded fish; but it so happened that he found what was still better, several boxes of stranded goods, which had evidently been swept overboard from some vessel caught in a severe storm. On

opening one of the smaller boxes, he was delighted to discover amid its contents a quantity of smoked ham and sea biscuit—a feast ready spread, of which he partook with a zest and a liberality which surprised himself.

Feeling replenished and reassured in his faith, he now continued his wanderings, as night approached, with the hope of finding some human habitation where he could procure lodging and assistance in securing the means of a speedy return to his own dear home on the other side of the Lake. He had not traveled far, when he discovered a light in the distance, and pursuing its direction, soon reached a fisherman's hut, where he was received with a hearty welcome and the kindest treatment. In the course of a few days he recovered his usual health and spirits, and resolved himself into a "committee of one" to devise the "ways and means" of returning home. In company with his new friend, the fisherman, he secured the stranded boxes of goods which he had found on the shore, and on opening them discovered that, though somewhat damaged, they were still valuable, and consisted mainly of broadcloths. No clue or mark remained by which the true owner could be traced. They were in fact "waifs of the deep," and as he was advised, they legally belonged to him by "right of discovery." He

managed to have them shipped to Buffalo together with himself, where he sold them and pocketed the proceeds.

He now felt that his "pocket" had been as marvelously replenished as his "inner man" on a former occasion. He then clad his "outer man" in a new suit of clothes, assumed the style of a gentleman, as he was, stepped on board the "Salem packet" bound for Conneaut, and when the packet arrived in sight of Sweetland's log-cabin home on the bluff, the commander, Capt. Ward, ordered a salute of three guns to be fired from the deck, which was followed by three loud cheers from the crew. The "region roundabout" awoke, and re-echoed expressions of congratulation. The joy was great. The "lost hunter" was found.

No sooner had Sweetland landed than he sought his cabin home. When he entered, his wife was overcome with astonishment, and believed him an apparition, but soon became convinced that he was a reality. Both wife and children clung to his neck with expressions of joy and affection, which are indescribable. A thousand questions were asked and answered in the shortest possible time. "Everybody as well as myself," said his wife, addressing her husband, "thought you had been lost on the Lake, never more to return. Believing this, I clad

myself in the habiliments of woe, and at church, no longer ago than last Sunday, heard your funeral sermon preached." "What did the preacher say of me," asked her inquisitive husband. "He gave you an excellent character," she replied, "and assured me that my loss was your gain." "There is no truth in the *loss*," rejoined he, "but there is truth in the *gain*, as you see; I have gained an excellent character, a new suit of clothes, a replenished pocket, and the *dear* I pursued in my younger days." The osculation which followed this last allusion must be left to the imagination, and accepted as the closing scene of the "drama."

CHAPTER XVII.

Chardon—Burton—First Settlers—Their Trials and Hardships—
Acting as their own Doctors and Mechanics—The Hurri-
cane—John Miner and his Children—Early Judicial Pro-
ceedings in Geauga County—Judge Pease pronounces
sentence on Robert Meeker.

THE birth of Geauga county occurred in 1805. She is the oldest daughter of Trumbull county, and is indebted for her name to the Indian language, in which the word "Gauga" signifies "raccoon"—an animal which abounded within her domains in primitive times, when coon-skins, deer-skins and bear-skins, constituted the principal articles of traffic.

Chardon was selected as the county seat. It is a pleasant rural town, "set upon a hill," and so far as regards health of locality and character of population, is not excelled. The first settlement which was made in the county, however, was made at Burton, in 1798, and consisted of

three families, who emigrated from Connecticut. It is difficult to account for the fact, that these families selected a home so far away from any other settlement, as the locality of Burton then was, unless tempted by its swelling hills and the intervening steamlets of living water. In the course of the next year or two, several other families followed these first adventurers, and settled at the same place. Burton, though regarded as the "lone star," soon became the center of attraction in that region of the forest land. It was sown with "good seed," and has produced a goodly number of distinguished men. In fact, there is hardly anything which Geauga county cannot produce. The Indians said it produced "coons." The early pioneers said its high lands produced "tornadoes." Modern geologists say it produces not only manganese, iron ore, limestone and yellow ochre, but has produced "elephants." This last fact has been proved by the bones of a native elephant, which were recently excavated from an ancient marsh at Montville.

Soon after the Western Reserve lands had been surveyed and put in market, more or less of the purchasers commenced to locate towns and cities at such points as seemed most desirable, and in accordance with their own prospective interests. Hence small settlements were com-

menced at points widely apart from each other, and of course, far away from civilization and the facilities of obtaining the comforts of civilized life. There were no roads or guides of travel, except blazed trees, and here and there an old Indian trail. The number of mechanics who had settled in the country were "few and far between," and still less was the number of physicians and other professional men.

The early settlers, without regard to unforeseen casualties, commenced their career in the "lone wilderness" by clearing off the land and tilling the soil; and in accomplishing this arduous work, suffered not only inconveniences and perplexities of daily occurrence, but almost incredible trials and hardships. Not unfrequently were entire families prostrated with fever and ague, or other diseases incident to a new country. In addition to this, it often happened that dangerous wounds were accidentally inflicted, bones broken, or women subjected to maternal perils, to say nothing of the many other ills to which the human family is subjected, requiring the prompt attendance of a physician or surgeon; yet neither could be readily obtained, for the reason that none could be found, except in the older settlements, and often at great distances. It was equally difficult, and for similar reasons, to procure mechanics to repair farming utensils,

or obtain the milling of breadstuffs, supplies of dry goods and groceries, or other necessities. Consequently the early pioneers adapted themselves to circumstances, and became to a good extent their own doctors, mechanics and manufacturers. For calomel, they substituted a decoction of butternut bark; for a tonic, a mix of wild cherries and whisky; and for physic, stewed elder blossoms or berries. If needful, the men could build a house, mend a plough, or make an ox-yoke, with no other tools than an axe, auger, hand-saw and jack-knife; while their helping wives could not only brew and bake, but could manufacture cloth with a reed loom, cut and make the wearing apparel, and care for the many little wants of the rising generation. It is indeed a matter of wonder that these hardy adventurers, accomplished so much as they did under so many embarrassing circumstances. They were certainly a generation of men and women whose pluck, patience and perseverance have rarely, if ever, been equaled.

The high lands of Geauga were originally clad with heavy forests, and subject as now to severe winds and occasional hurricanes. A pioneer by the name of John Miner, first located at Burton, where his wife died and left him with a family of young children. He then removed to Chester with his children and occupied a log cabin in the

midst of the woodlands. This was in 1804. On the first night after removing to his new home there arose a violent storm of wind, which swept over the land, prostrating the larger trees of the forest in every direction about his cabin. He directed his children to creep under the floor for safety, and then stepped to the door to look at the effects of the gale outside, and while he was in the act of opening the door three large trees fell on the cabin and killed him instantly.

This disaster occurred early in the evening. The darkness and desolation of the hour, together with the crash of the falling timber, struck terror into the hearts of the motherless children, who had taken refuge beneath the cabin floor. As soon as they had sufficiently recovered from the shock, they called from their hiding place for their father, but received no response. Fearing to leave their seclusion amid the darkness and uproar of the night, they listened to catch the sound of their father's footsteps, but in vain, and finally fell asleep.

In the morning, they awoke and crept out from under the floor, when they beheld with astonishment and overwhelming grief the crushed remains of their father beneath the huge trunk of a fallen tree. There were three of the children, the oldest a girl. She was less than ten years of age. There was no one to help them.

The nearest neighbor resided some three miles away. The little girl, however, appreciated the situation, and enjoining the younger children to remain where they were, hastened through the woodland paths to the nearest neighbor, and related the dire calamity which had befallen her father and crushed their cabin home. The good neighbor proceeded at once to the sorrowful spot, gathered the remains of the unfortunate father, and received the children into his own home, where they were kindly cared for until suitable homes could be provided for them. The remains of their father were returned to Burton, and buried with appropriate funeral services. This is but one of the many sad catastrophies of pioneer life.

There are some very interesting facts connected with the early judicial proceedings of Geauga County. Among them it may be mentioned that, in order to comply with the law in publishing legal notices in a newspaper, it became necessary to send such notices for publication to Chillicothe, Steubenville, New Lisbon, or Erie, Pa., as there was at that day no newspaper published at a nearer point. The principal business of the courts of the county then consisted in hearing petitions of insolvent debtors, under the act providing for their relief. The debts they owed, however, were comparatively

small. Yet the scarcity of money made it in those days almost impossible for men of ordinary means, to pay even small debts. There were then but few lawyers, and though their fees were small, usually from three to five dollars a suit, yet they were at this insignificant rate often paid, it was thought by their clients, more than their professional services were really worth. The court in criminal cases appointed, at each term, some member of the Bar to act as Prosecuting Attorney, fixed the amount of the fees he should receive, and ordered the same to be paid from the county treasury. This appointment was much sought by members of the Bar. The compensation, allowed by the court, varied from five to fifteen dollars, in accordance with the importance and character of the case.

The court records show that, in 1806, the Judges of the County Court, consisted of Calvin Pease as President Judge, and Aaron Wheeler, John Walworth, and Jesse Phelps, as Associate Judges. There were in those days but few civil suits, and still fewer criminal prosecutions. Among the early prosecutions was the case of Robert Meeker, who was indicted for larceny, and arraigned at the March term, 1809, for trial. He heard the indictment read, charging him with stealing certain articles of goods from the store of Wm. A. Harper, to the value of one dollar

and fifty cents, to which charge he pleaded "guilty," and put himself on the "mercy" of the court.

But Judge Pease, well knowing the character of the offender, did not allow his "bowels of compassion" to be much moved in behalf of the veteran thief, and ordering him to stand up, sentenced him "to be publicly whipped ten stripes on the naked back, and to restore the property stolen from the owner, pay him the value thereof, \$1.50, and also pay a fine of \$3, into the county treasury, with costs of prosecution, and be committed to prison for twenty-four hours, and stand committed until the sentence be complied with."

The sheriff then took charge of the prisoner and conducted him from the presence of the court, when the Judge, with a comical expression of face, remarked to his associates on the Bench, in regard to the severity of the sentence he had just pronounced, that

"If Meeker should need any more,
Let him take it from the store!"

The truth was, Robert Meeker had become a persistent petty thief, and the Judge had determined to make a "public example" of him. But whether Meeker, in consequence of the sentence he had received, became "meek as

Moses," or meeker, and afterwards led an honest life, does not appear. Yet he doubtless became convinced that the "way of the transgressor" is, "like Jordan," a hard road to travel.

There are other reminiscences connected with pioneer life, in Geauga County, which have never been recorded, and which are either lost, or exist only in fragmentary traditions. They doubtless possess equal interest, at least many of them, with those which have been preserved in an enduring form. In fact, it is to be much regretted that some local antiquarian has not made it a "labor of love" to collect and preserve in print, these "lost incidents" of a heroic pioneer life. And here it may be asked: "Has oblivion a right to the past?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ravenna—Its Founder, Benj. Tappan—His Experiences—His Reply when asked for a Church Subscription—Lewis Day's arrival at Deerfield—Want of Supplies—First White Child — Matrimonial Engagement — Messenger sent to Warren for a Justice of the Peace to "Tie the Knot."

THE county of Portage purloined its territory from the domains of Trumbull, and derived its name from the fact that it embraces a high region of land, intervening between the head-waters of the Cuyahoga and Tuscarawas rivers, known as the "portage," over which the Indians and early traders transported their commodities on horseback. Ravenna, the county seat, is indebted for its classic name to Italy; and when selected as the "grand center," consisted of three log cabins, one of which was built and occupied by Benj. Tappan and family. His was the first cabin built, and he was the first settler in the town. The public business of the county was transacted for several years. at his cabin, for want of other accommodations.

Mr. Tappan arrived and built his cabin in 1799. At this time there was but one man who had preceded him and settled within the limits of the county. His name was Honey; but he and his family thought they had had anything but a "sweet time" since their arrival. Mr. Tappan, while on his journey to this land of the forest, overtook David Hudson with his family, who was "westward bound," as well as himself, and who founded the town of Hudson, in Summit county. They became friends at once, and traveled in company, mutually assisting each other and sharing each other's burthens. They came by the way of the Lake Coast, ascended the Cuyahoga river in a boat, and landed at the new town called Boston. Here they parted, Hudson to found the town of Hudson, and Tappan to found the town of Ravenna. Tappan was a young lawyer. He placed his family and goods in a tent near the town, there to remain while he, with a hired man, proceeded to explore the woodlands, and mark out a road to his point of destination. This done, he constructed a rude dray-cart from saplings, to which he attached a yoke of oxen, recently driven from Connecticut, which he obtained as a favor from Mr. Honey, who had preceded him as a settler in this region, and by the aid of which he undertook to remove his goods and family, from the "tented field" near Boston, where he had left them.

After transporting his first load, consisting of his family and a few goods to his new home, he returned for the remainder of his effects, but found the tent abandoned, and most of its contents stolen by the Indians. Though much vexed at this unfortunate occurrence, he "struck his tent," placed it with his few remaining goods on the dray-cart, and started on his return to his family, at Ravenna. But while on the way one of the oxen became over-heated and fell dead. This mishap left him in a condition, which seemed almost hopeless, in the midst of a dense forest, and a hundred miles or more away from any town or settlement where he could obtain the requisite aid. Here he was with a dead ox at his feet, and with his last dollar in his pocket.

But being a man of heroic temperament, he resolved to "conquer circumstances." He at once dispatched his hired man, with nothing to guide him but a pocket compass, to Erie, Pa., a distance of nearly one hundred miles from the scene of his misfortune, to request of Capt. Lyman, the commandant of the fort, a loan of money, while he, himself, following in the lines of townships, which had been marked by the surveyors, found his way to Youngstown, where he made the acquaintance of Col. James Hillman, who sold him an ox on credit, which supplied the vacancy in his team, and enabled him

to complete the transportation of his goods to Ravenna. In fact, this ox team, which was the only one in that region, was indispensable to him and others in "preparing the way," and in securing the comforts of civilized life, in an unbroken wilderness. Except for ox teams, which soon came into general use among the first pioneers, they could hardly have sustained themselves, or made their efforts a success, in subduing the wild lands which they had selected and intended to occupy as permanent homes.

The unexpected delays which Mr. Tappan had experienced in reaching his destination, prevented his arrival in time to clear and cultivate any part of his lands that season, in consequence of which he was left destitute of the necessary provisions to sustain himself and family, during the approaching winter. He was, therefore, obliged to trust to "hunter's luck" for securing his meat, and to "Providence" for his bread. His faith in his rifle was quite equal, if not superior, to his "faith in Providence." He had no difficulty in shooting a sufficiency of wild game, but found it very difficult to procure his breadstuffs, which he was obliged to transport from Western Pennsylvania, at great cost.

He and his family remained in camp, and lodged in the tent they had brought with them, until the ensuing January, when he

erected for their better accommodation a spacious log-cabin. He then gave to his hired man, who had accompanied him into the country and rendered him faithful service, a hundred acres of land on condition of becoming a settler. The generous gift was accepted. In the course of the year 1800, which followed their advent into this wild region, several more immigrants arrived and settled in the same locality. Thus the infant town continued to increase in population, from year to year, under the auspices of its projector, until it acquired an enviable reputation as one of the most promising towns in the Reserve.

Benjamin Tappan, the founder of Ravenna, was a talented man. Though born of Puritan parentage and educated in Connecticut, he still had an abiding faith in himself and in his ability to take care of himself. This faith induced him to emigrate, while yet but a young man, from the land of "steady habits" to the land of "golden promises" in what was then called the "Far West." He was possessed of an iron will, and seldom failed to conquer adverse circumstances. He carved his way in the wilderness, and laid the stepping-stones by which he reached a proud eminence, both as a jurist and statesman. He was eccentric in his style of manners and expressions of thought, and famous for his wit, humor and sarcasm. He entertained a much higher re-

gard for the interests of State then for the success of the church. There are still many unrecorded anecdotes afloat concerning him.

On one occasion, while a member of the U. S. Senate, he was visited by a rural clergyman, who requested a donation to aid his parish in building a church. "Old Ben" heard the request with a patient, but dignified indifference, and civilly declined to contribute. The clerical gentleman attempted persuasion on the score of duty, urging that it was the "Lord's cause," and that the Lord owned all the wealth the rich possessed, even "the cattle upon a thousand hills." "Well, then," replied Old Ben, dryly, "if the Lord needs money, why don't he sell his cattle and build his own churches?" This adroit application of the clergyman's logic induced him not only to retire from the presence of Senatorial dignity, but furnished him with "food for reflection."

Early in May, in 1799, Lewis Day and two or three other individuals, with their families, emigrants from the East, arrived at Deerfield, in this county, after a long and fatiguing journey. They brought with them a horse and wagon, which they employed in transporting their children and supplies needed on the way. The wagon was the first that had been seen in this region. During the summer and fall of that

year, several other emigrants arrived at Deerfield. They were all destitute of adequate supplies, and, when winter approached, suffered severely for want of provisions. They were compelled to transport their breadstuffs on horseback from Western Pennsylvania, and in doing this experienced long delays and grievous hardships. In several instances before supplies arrived, they were reduced almost to a state of positive starvation. But still, under all their trials, they trusted in Providence and submitted to the severest privations with heroic fortitude. In their lives, they practically learned the lesson—

“Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer, and be strong.”

And yet, however discouraging their prospects might seem, from some source or other relief always came in the “nick of time,” and crowned their fears with the sunshine of heart-felt rejoicings.

It was during this memorable “winter of discontent,” in the year 1799, that the first white child was born at Deerfield. It was a daughter; its mother was Mrs. Day; and the child was hailed as the dawn of a “brighter day” in this far away forest land. This happy event was soon followed by another equally happy, that of the first wedding. John Campbell and Sarah

Ely, had concluded that their hearts were ever destined to "beat as one," and therefore resolved to consummate their unison in lawful wedlock. But here they encountered an impediment. There was no "official" residing nearer than Warren, some twenty miles away, who was authorized to solemnize marriages. They determined to overcome this difficulty by naming the "happy day" and sending to Warren for the proper officer to "tie the knot." The messenger reported that he had secured the services of Calvin Austin, Esq., a young man who had but recently been elected a Justice of the Peace, to be present and officiate. This was the first time young Austin had been invited to perform the wedding ceremony. He felt greatly embarrassed as to the form of words to be used on such an occasion. He therefore sought advice from a promising young lawyer, by the name of Calvin Pease, who was his intimate friend, and who agreed to accompany him and give him the proper "formula." In view of this arrangement with his confidential friend, Austin felt quite relieved of his fears, and awaited the coming event with a feeling of assurance that he would be able to discharge his official duty, on so momentous an occasion, with propriety and becoming dignity.

CHAPTER XIX.

Arrival of the Young Magistrate and his Legal Adviser from Warren—Performance of the Nuptial Ceremonies—Merriment of the Festivities—Characteristics of the “Two Calvins”—Horse Trade with the Indians—Troubles which grew out of it—Mohawk shoots Daniel Driver—Flight of the Indians—Nicksaw and Mohawk overtaken and killed—Trial of their Associates and acquittal.

The real reason why a special messenger was sent from Deerfield to Warren, soon became “noised abroad.” It related to an event of general interest, it being the first novelty of the kind known in that region. The affianced pair had agreed that the following Wednesday should be the “happy day,” because custom, or the god “Woden,” from whom Wednesday derives its name, had consecrated that day to nuptial ceremonies.

Early in the morning of that auspicious Wednesday, the young justice, Calvin Austin, and

his young legal adviser, Calvin Pease, left Warren on foot and traveled all day through the dense woodlands, over hills and valleys, guided in their direction by blazed trees, and after a weary trip of nearly twenty miles, arrived at Deerfield, as the dusk of evening began to approach. They were hardly conscious of fatigue, as they had beguiled their "weary way" with an interchange of amusing anecdotes in connection with the instructions which Pease, who was "born a wag," had imparted to Austin, relative to the "formula" of words he should employ in solemnizing the marriage contract. Austin, with implicit confidence in his friend, repeated the words of the formula, until he felt sure of his ability to discharge his official duty on the occasion, in strict accordance with legal usage.

When the trying hour arrived, and the invited guests had assembled, and all were ready for the nuptial ceremony, the young magistrate, with an air of stately dignity, assumed a standing posture, while Pease took a position on his right with a roguish twinkle in his eye, watching the proceedings, as the happy couple approached and were directed by Austin to take each other by the right hand, when he gravely said to the bridegroom: "Do you take this woman whom you hold by the right hand to be your lawful wife, and promise to love and cherish her in

health and in sickness, for better or for worse, in prosperity and in adversity, and prefer her to all others, until death do you part?" "I do." Then addressing the bride, he said: "Do you take this man whom you hold by the right hand to be your lawful husband, and promise to love, cherish and obey him, in health and in sickness, for better or for worse, in prosperity and in adversity, and prefer him to all others, until death do you part?" "I do." "In the presence of these witnesses, and by the authority of the law of the land, I now pronounce you man and wife. Whom God has joined together let no man put asunder, and may God have mercy on your souls—amen."

The closing words of the ceremony were received by the assemblage, with a comical expression of surprise, yet with evident enjoyment. Pease could not restrain himself, and as a natural result, convulsions of laughter and applause followed. Austin was petrified with astonishment; but on casting a glance at Pease, he perceived at once that he had been made the innocent victim of a "huge joke;" yet, prompted by a forgiving spirit, he gracefully joined in the general hilarity of the guests, who thought it not only a "good joke," but a very sensible and appropriate appendage to the usual formula of the nuptial ceremony. This prelude of merriment was crowned with a "feast of fat things," and followed with music and dancing, greatly

enlivened by liberal potations of "old rye." The festivities continued until a late hour, when the guests took leave of the happy pair, with many congratulations and a kindly repetition of the "last words," which were employed in the marriage ceremony.

Austin and Pease were fast friends, and knew how to estimate each other. They were willing not only to share each other's burdens, but could bear each other's jokes with perfect equanimity. They each rejoiced in the baptismal name of Calvin, and were often spoken of as the "two Calvins." As they advanced in life, Austin embraced the "Calvanistic creed," while Pease preferred a "creed" of his own construction. Austin became a "pillar" of the church, a Colonel of militia, a member of the Legislature, and a man of wealth, and of course a man of influence. Pease acquired eminence as a lawyer, and was soon elevated to the Bench, and finally advanced to the Chief Justiceship of the State. They both lived to a good old age, and died, leaving behind them an enviable record—

"Let Grief be her own mistress still.

She loveth her own anguish deep

More than pleasure. Let her will

Be done—to weep, or not to weep;

I will not say God's ordinance

Of death is blown in every wind;

For that is not a common chance

That takes away a noble mind."

In the winter of 1806, several Mohawk Indians encamped at Deerfield. One of them, whose name was Nicksaw, acting as agent and spokesman for the others, was induced by John Driver, a white man and notorious horse jockey, to swap horses. Soon after the exchange, the Indians claimed they had been deceived by Driver in regard to the soundness of the horse, and a serious altercation occurred between the parties. Nicksaw endeavored to persuade Driver to re-exchange, and thus settle the difficulty. But Driver declined. Nicksaw applied to Lewis Day, a Justice of the Peace, to give him redress. The Justice advised him to see Driver again and demand a re-exchange of horses, or payment for the difference in value. Nicksaw replied that he "no speak to Driver," and sullenly withdrew.

This happened on the 20th of January, and on the evening of that day a convivial party of sleigh-riders convened at Driver's house, and were engaged in a merry dance, when Nicksaw, with several other Indians, abruptly entered the room. They were evidently excited by the influence of whisky, and soon manifested their insolence. Daniel Driver, the brother of John, met them in a pleasant way and desired them to remain quiet. Knowing Daniel to be a true friend, they complied with his wishes, and assumed an air of friendship and reconciliation. They then at-

tempted to persuade John, under plausible pretenses, to visit their camp, which was near at hand, but did not succeed. In the meantime, the Indians discovered that the guns which they had left outside the door were missing. They then accused Daniel, who had been absent for a few moments, of having stolen them, and declared they would not leave the house until their guns were restored. The "war of words" became serious. The dance was suspended; the ladies shrieked, and escaped from the house into the open air, followed by their gallants and the irate Indians. The scene was one of wild confusion. The moon shone brightly, and in connection with the gleam of the snow, seemed to change night into day. Luckily the Indians discovered their guns near the house, and seizing them disappeared into a neighboring ravine, where they rejoined their associates, who had accompanied them, and who were secreted in the ravine, as a reserve force, in case of need. The dancing party returned into the house and resumed their festivities, believing that they were relieved from the danger of further disturbance.

It was not the intention of the Indians to molest the guests of John Driver, but to secure his person and make him the victim of their revenge. John understood this, and adopted a cautious policy. Yet the Indians were not to be

foiled. By Indian law every man of a tribe or a race, is responsible for a crime or offense committed by any one of their number. But Daniel Driver, feeling confident of the friendship of the Indians, reconnoitered the premises adjoining the house, and the moment he approached the brow of the ravine, was met by the entire band, led by Mohawk and Nicksaw, who said they had found their guns, expressed themselves as satisfied, and even condescended to apologize for their improper conduct towards him and his friends, assembled at the house. Daniel reciprocated their professions of renewed friendship, and offered to shake hands with Mohawk, who indignantly refused. He then turned to go to the house, and had proceeded but a few steps, when Mohawk lifted his rifle and shot him through the temples, in a range which nearly destroyed both eyes, and felled him to the ground. His brother John, who was in the house, hearing the report of the gun, ran to the spot, and lifting Daniel to his feet, asked "what is the matter?" Daniel replied, faintly, "I am shot."

The entire band of Indians then fled, except Mohawk, who remained surveying his victim with an air of cool indifference. The moment Daniel had been received into the house, John assailed Mohawk with a determination to slay him on the spot; but Mohawk sprang from him

with a bound and, uttering a fearful yell, fled into the woodlands. John followed, and was rapidly gaining on the savage, when the other Indians of the band emerged from their hiding place and hurried to the rescue of Mohawk, who was their favorite, though subordinate chieftain. John, perceiving his danger of being captured, returned with all possible speed to the house, where he found his brother Daniel still alive, but in a very critical condition.

This marauding band of Indians, fearing to remain in the country, emigrated at once in a northwest direction. The murderous attack which had been made on Daniel, without the least provocation on his part, spread alarm throughout the settlement. Within a few hours after the occurrence, twenty-five brave and heroic men volunteered to pursue and chastise the treacherous savages. They soon discovered the direction the Indians had taken, and pursued them with guns and hounds with unrelaxed avidity for the first twenty-four hours, when the cold became so intense that several of their number froze their feet, and were obliged to stop at settlements on the way; but their places were readily filled by new volunteers, who resided in the settlements along the route. The cold was not only severe, but the snow was deep, which contributed to retard their progress.

On the night of the second day, they overtook the dusky fugitives encamped near Boston, on the west side of the Cuyahoga river, and surrounded them. In the confusion of the onset, Mohawk and Nicksaw escaped from camp and "took to their heels." They were hotly pursued by the white men, who commanded them to surrender. This they refused to do, and continued their flight. Being close upon them Williams, of Hudson, leveled his gun and shot Nicksaw, who fell dead in his tracks. In the meantime Mohawk redoubled his speed and succeeded in eluding his pursuers for the time being. Yet a detachment of the white men, had resolved that he should pay the penalty of his atrocious crime. They traced him to his lurking place near Detroit, and there dispatched him without ceremony.

The remaining Indians, who had surrendered while in camp, near Boston, were escorted to Warren, where they were tried before a magistrate on the charge of being implicated in the attempt made to murder Daniel and John Driver. They arrived before the magistrate in a pitiful condition, in the midst of a severe snow storm, half-clad and shivering with the cold, some with frozen feet, and others with frozen ears and fingers, and all of them nearly overcome with exhaustion and hunger. They were seated in a

half-circle on the floor, in presence of the magistrate, who sat at a rickety table, on the upright section of a log for a chair, with becoming dignity and solemnity. The prisoners awaited events with woeful faces and with an expectation of being condemned to be shot. An array of witnesses was called, some white men, and some Indians, who were sworn and heard in the case. There were no lawyers employed on either side. The magistrate questioned the witnesses and took notes of their testimony, not a word of which had been understood by the prisoners. In summing up the evidence the magistrate seemed somewhat perplexed, and looked very grave; but after thrusting his fingers through his hair, as if to concentrate his thoughts, he recovered his usual equanimity and clearness of perception and pronounced a "verdict of acquittal," which was communicated to the Indians by an interpreter. The Indians were at first overcome with the unexpected result, but soon rallied and gave expression to unrestrained joy and delight, and went on their "way rejoicing" to their old camping ground, where they met their dusky friends, and crowned their narrow escape from death with a dog-feast and a drunken repose from all fears of a public execution.

CHAPTER XX.

Characteristics of Huron County—Founder of Norwalk—Its first House—Church “Horn”—Two Trappers Murdered by Indians—The Murderers arrested, tried and sentenced to be Hanged—Break Jail and Escape—Re-arrested and Hanged—Their Religious Belief.

HURON COUNTY was formed in 1809; but not organized until 1815. It originally embraced the entire tract known as the “fire-lands,” to which allusion has been already made. Norwalk was selected as the county seat, and is now one of the pleasantest towns in the State. Its citizens are a very enterprising and intelligent class of people. Everything about them gives evidence of their Puritanic origin and practical good sense.

The county takes its name from an Indian tribe, which the French designated as “Hurons.” The name is of Indian origin, but its signification is unknown; yet it doubtless had allusion to a branch of the Wyandot tribe. The territory

of the county is composed of swelling hills and undulating prairies, with a soil of sandy loam. There are several distinct ridges of land in this county, which run along the southern shore of Lake Erie, varying in width from a few rods to a mile or more, and which essentially correspond in their curvature, with the line of the shore. There is little or no waste land in the county. The soil is easily cultivated and is very productive, while the climate is unusually healthful. In a word, it is a paradisaical region for agriculturalists.

The site which Norwalk, the county seat, now occupies, was originally selected by Hon. Elisha Whittlesey, in connection with two or three other prominent gentlemen, in the year 1815. It was at that time a part of the primitive wilderness, but was soon surveyed in allotments, and the lots appraised and put in market at from sixty to one hundred dollars each, according to location. Though several sales were promptly made at the appraisal, the first house was not erected until 1817. It was constructed of logs, and owned by Platt Benedict, who intended to occupy it with his family ; but while he and his family were returning from the east with this view, the structure took fire from the carelessness of hunters, and was reduced to ashes.

No sooner had Benedict arrived and discovered

his misfortune, than he proceeded to construct another cabin, instead of yielding to discouragement, as men of less enterprise might have done. In the course of three days, he completed a new cabin, placed his family in it, and became "monarch of all he surveyed." Like most of the early pioneers, he was a man of pluck, and resolved to conquer difficulties. His cabin was the nucleus of a town. Other families from the east soon arrived, and swelled the population to a respectable village. This accession, induced the erection of a spacious log school-house, which, for a number of years, was occupied on Sundays for public worship. The congregation consisted of all classes, without regard to creed or color, and was convened at the "blowing of the horn." In the absence of a preacher, the elders conducted the services. With the increase of population came not only additional schools, but churches and a court-house.

There are some memorable events connected with the early settlement of Huron county. In 1819, two Indians were tried and executed at Norwalk for murder. The circumstances were of an aggravating character. Two white men, John Wood and George Bishop, had been trapping muskrats in the vicinity of the "two harbors," so called, and had stored their furs in a temporary hut, where they lodged at night. On

a dark and rainy night, while they were asleep, three Ottawa Indians, Negosheck, Negonaba and Negasow, approached the hut, stealthily, with a preconcerted determination to rob the trappers of their furs." The two Indians first named, were well known as reckless villains, but the third was a young lad, "guiltless of guile," who had taken no part in the evil counsel which animated his associates. On entering the hut, they found the trappers lost in a profound slumber. The young Indian lad stood at the open door and saw his stalwart associates select their victims, and deal the fatal blow. The murderers then required the young Indian, who had witnessed the brutal scene, to strike the dying men several additional blows on the head with a club, in order to make him a participant in the nefarious deed, and prevent him from being called as a witness of the crime against them in case of detection. They then gathered their booty, and took their departure up the valley of the Maumee river, avoiding the settlements on the way, and endeavoring to leave no visible track or trace behind them.

In the course of a few days the bodies of the dead men were found by their friends. The circumstances made it evident that the two trappers had been killed by the Indians and plundered of their furs and other articles of property.

The discovery created a general excitement among the white settlers in that region of the country, who at once organized a volunteer company of armed men, and dispatched them in pursuit of the escaping murderers. They soon ascertained, from information received in a neighboring Indian settlement, the direction which the perpetrators of the crime had taken, and after following in their wake for several days and nights, overtook them in the valley of the Maumee, and succeeded in arresting them without serious difficulty. They found the stolen property in their possession, returned with their prisoners, and took them before a magistrate for examination, when they confessed the crime and were lodged in jail. When brought to trial in the County Court, the two older Ottawas, who instigated and actually committed the murder, were found guilty and sentenced to be hanged on the first Friday of June, being the next Friday after the trial. The young Ottawa was acquitted.

The county, at this date, had not provided a jail, but used as a substitute a log cabin, in which the convicts were placed and kept in charge of an armed guard, awaiting the day appointed for their execution. In the meantime the wily convicts took the advantage afforded them by a very dark night, and despite the vigilance of the guard contrived to escape. The

guard, hearing their departing footsteps, fired on the fugitives and wounded one of them, as was evident the next morning, from blood stains which appeared along the track. The disabled convict, however, continued his flight for several miles, when he became exhausted and lay down to die, urging his companion to quicken his speed, and thus save, if possible, his own life.

In the course of the next day the pursuers overtook the wounded Indian, and found him lying on the ground and apparently in a dying condition. But his captors soon revived him with stimulants, and succeeded in returning him in a comfortable condition to the jail, whence he had escaped. The other Indian was soon afterwards recaptured, near the Maumee, while attempting to cross that stream, and brought back in triumph to Norwalk, where the two convicts were executed on the same day, in accordance with the sentence of the court, amid a large concourse of both white men and Indians, who had assembled to witness the novel but impressive spectacle.

These Indians, like most of their race, regarded the white men as usurpers of rights and privileges which belonged exclusively to the red men, and therefore felt justified for the deeds which they had committed, believing the Great Spirit would receive them after death into still.

happier "hunting grounds." The culprits believed also, that their dogs would accompany them, and seeing their dogs present pointed at them, and then at the sky, as they were launched from the platform. Such is the Indian's creed.

"To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wings, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

CHAPTER XXI.

Harrisville and its Founder--Explorers from Wooster and their Experiences--The cold Winter--The ancient Pathway of Indian Travel--Their Hunts and methods of Transportation--Differences of Races--Indian Theology.

THE territory which comprises the county of Medina, was previous to its organization, a part of Portage county. It was organized in April, 1818, and embraces an undulating region of fertile land, which was originally clad with a dense forest of oak, maple, beech, hickory, chestnut and whitewood. The soil is an intermixture of clay and sandy loam, and is admirably adapted to the production of grass and the various kinds of grain.

The first noteworthy settlement in the county, was made at Harrisville, February 14, 1811, by Joseph Harris, who, with his family, consisting of a wife and one child, "led the way," and commenced the future town by the erection of the

first cabin. Here he resided in solitude for some years, with no white neighbors nearer than Wooster, a distance of seventeen miles. There were no roads existing in this region of the country at that early day. The first attempt at road-making, resulted in merely marking out a trail, by blazing the trees in a line extending northerly from Wooster through Harrisville to Lake Erie.

The party who explored and designated this route, resided at Wooster, and was composed of George Poe, Joseph H. Larwill and Roswell M. Mason. They traveled on foot, carrying with them their provisions and other indispensables, including a pocket compass. They left Wooster in the morning, encouraged by the benedictions of their fellow citizens, and camped the first night, after a weary day's work, on the southerly margin of "Big Swamp;" ate a cold supper with a keen relish; wrapped the "drapery of their couch" about them, and lay down to "pleasant dreams," with the windows of heaven wide open, through which the sentinel stars looked out and watched over their extemporized, but roofless lodgings.

But, instead of enjoying "pleasant dreams," they were entertained all night by the howling of hungry wolves, the incessant croaking of the frogs in the swamp, and the dismal crushing

sound which was made by coons, engaged in devouring these nocturnal serenaders, the frogs. At daybreak they heard the bells of cattle in a northerly direction, and following the sound, soon discovered the lone cabin of Mr. Harris, where they were hospitably received and refreshed with the best the larder afforded. They then proceeded on their way to the falls of Black river, where the town of Elyria now is, and thence followed the river to its entrance into the Lake, where they found a solitary settler by the name of Reed. He and Harris were the only white men to be found on the new route which they had now marked out, and established between Wooster and Lake Erie. It was at that time, not only a lone route, but like the way over Jordan, a "hard road to travel." The present generation cannot appreciate the embarrassments to which the pioneers of the Reserve, were subjected in their earnest endeavors to subdue the asperities of the wilderness, and provide for themselves and for their posterity happy homes, which are now enriched with all the privileges and blessings of a refined civilization.

In June, 1811, the Harris settlement received an accession, by the arrival of George Burr and family, accompanied by his brother, Russell Burr. They came from Litchfield, Ct. In the following year, when war was declared between Great Britain and the United States, the Indians

of the upper Lake regions, espoused the cause of Great Britain, and threatened to invade the settlements on the southern shore of Lake Erie. This induced the families, located at Harrisville, to remove to Portage county, where they expected to find protection and greater safety, among settlements supposed to be able from their number to defend themselves. But finding that they were not likely to be molested, the Harrisville families returned to their own settlement in the month of October of the same year. The ensuing winter was a severe one, and was long remembered as the "cold winter." The settlers were subjected to great distress for want of the necessary provisions. The snow fell to the depth of two feet, and remained at that depth during the months of January and February, with a degree of cold which was uniformly intense, so much so that many domestic and wild animals were frozen to death, while others died of starvation. It was difficult to obtain water, as nearly all the smaller streams were closed and sealed up by congelation. There was no relief until the month of March, when a general thaw and flood ensued, followed by mild weather and the delights of an early spring, which inspired hope and gave to nature a smiling aspect.

"Oh speak the joy, ye, whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around ;
And nothing strikes your eye but sight of bliss,
All various nature pressing on the heart."

There was an old Indian trail leading from Sandusky to the Tuscarawas river, which passed through the locality selected by Harris at the time he settled in this region. This trail was probably connected with the old "Portage path," if not identical with it. It was a hard trodden trail, which was much traveled by the Indians, who rode on ponies when making their periodical hunting excursions from north to south. They had been accustomed, from time immemorial, to hunt and fish at eligible points in the country, and at different seasons of the year, wherever fish and game abounded. In winter they resorted in large parties to the Tuscarawas Valley, and in summer returned to the more inviting regions of the Lakes. They were usually very successful, especially in the Tuscarawas Valley, whence they often returned with their ponies ladened with furs, jerked venison, and bear's oil. They traveled in single file along their ancient path-way, stretching out in a line often two or three miles in length. Their ponies were admirably trained for the service required of them, and were readily directed in their course by the signs and dictation of their riders. Neither bridles nor saddles were used; yet their ponies often carried surprising burdens, consisting not only of the spoils of the hunt, but often including camp utensils, tents, squaws, pap-

pooses, and other luggage. At night they encamped wherever they might happen to be, and contrived to make themselves very comfortable. Every day brought with it, its wild pastime, and every night its sound and refreshing slumber. They lived to enjoy, since Nature had provided liberally for all their physical needs. In fact they lived in a state of primitive innocence, until their wild domains were entered by civilized men, who brought with them the vices rather than the virtues of civilized life. In this way the "apple of discord" was sown, and the children of the wilderness soon became demoralized, and though often grossly deceived by the white traders, still bore and forbore wrongs and insults, to which they quietly submitted, rather than come to an open outbreak. So far as possible they protected themselves against fraud by the practice of fraud. The white traders were often outwitted by the ingenious deceptions of their dusky patrons. The result was that the "sharpers" on both sides, came to the conclusion at last, that "honesty was the best policy,"—a policy which both professed to adopt, but never, or "hardly ever," did adopt. The differences between savage and civilized life are not, after all, so wide as we are apt to imagine. An interchange of missionary effort between the races might prove mutually bene-

ficial, especially since the Federal Government professes to be doing so much, yet achieves so little, in promoting the moral and physical welfare of her Indian tribes. The two races are by nature distinct. Yet each has its rights—rights which ought to be respected. Whether “might” ever gives “right,” still remains a “vexed question,” yet in practice it usually proves true. Though civilization may conquer barbarism, it does not follow that it can either reclaim or regenerate it. There is a distinctive difference in the constitutional characteristics of the red, white, yellow and black races, which never has been, and never can be overcome or reconciled. They were constituted, as they are, by an imperative law of Nature. They all reason, and have their reasons. They all have their philosophies, and a theology of their own.

An aged chief of one of our Indian tribes, recently in conversation with a missionary, said: “You are just as you were made, and as you were made you can remain. We are just as we were made, and you cannot change us. Why then should we quarrel or try to cheat one another? I do not believe that the Great Spirit gave one kind of men the right to tell another kind of men what they must do.”

The son of this old chief visited Washington not long since for the purpose of perfecting the

terms of a treaty, and in discussing the question of missionary effort among his people, stated that they "believe in the Great Spirit, who sees and hears everything, and that he never forgets; that hereafter he will give every man a spirit-home, according to his deserts; if he has been a good man, he will give him a good home; if he has been a bad man, he will have a bad home. This I believe, and all my people believe the same."

If this simple faith of the "poor Indian" is not orthodox, it certainly does not seem to be grievously heterodox. It may be assumed as true that man, whether savage or civilized, is endowed by nature with the elements of a religious faith of some kind, which develops itself and "grows with his growth." It is a faith or guiding principle of life, which manifests itself not only in the individual, but in the family, the tribe and the nation. Hence creeds are as various as the various peoples of the earth. All claim to be right, yet all may be wrong. It is not what a man professes to believe, but what he does, that furnishes the true test of a Christian life.

CHAPTER XXII.

The grand circular Hunt—Its wonderful Results—The name “Medina” a vexed Question—Zenas Hamilton its first Settler—County Court held in a Barn—Rev. Rodger Searle, the first employed Clergyman—First Wedding—Styles of Dress—Low Prices of Farm Produce—Social Distinctions.

AFTER the close of the war of 1812, the several settlements in the county of Medina increased in population with great rapidity. Amid all the embarrassments and dangers attending the occupation of a new country, the white men soon became “masters of the situation.” Though no longer annoyed with threatened attacks from hostile Indians, they were continually subjected to the depredations of wild beasts of the forests, especially bears and sundry other carniverous animals, which were in the habit, under cover of night, of seizing and devouring their pigs, poultry, calves, and even hogs and young cattle. This kind of annoyance was generally felt by all

the settlers and endured until "forbearance ceased to be a virtue."

With a view to remedy this prevalent evil the inhabitants of Hinckley, in connection with the settlers of the adjoining townships resolved, in the winter of 1815—some say in 1818—to exterminate at a blow, the bears, wolves and other depredating animals of the forest, by which they had been so grievously annoyed. In order to effect this, systematically, they agreed to proceed with Hinckley township first, by getting up a grand circular hunt and distributing their forces so as to enclose the area of the entire township, and then moving towards a common center, drive the obnoxious denizens of the forest within a narrow compass, where they could be seen and shot, or otherwise slaughtered.

The day was appointed, proclamation to all the men and boys of the "region round about" made, and when the day arrived, a large number of hunters appeared and distributed themselves on the outskirts of the township, armed with guns, clubs, pitchforks and other deadly weapons, including tin-horns; and at a given signal, commenced their grand march toward a common center, shouting, blowing their horns and beating the bushes with clubs, and as they neared the center they drove the terror-stricken animals of the forest, consisting of hundred of bears, wolves, deer,

turkeys and other game, within a narrow circle, when the attack commenced. The scene that followed "beggars description." The bears growled, the wolves howled, the turkeys gobbled, and the deer bounded in lofty leaps, hither and thither, to find some opening in the human wall or circle by which they were surrounded, for escape, but all in vain. On every side, guns were fired, bullets flew, bears assailed the dogs, wolves skulked, turkeys took "like riches" to their wings and flew away, rabbits died of fright, and foxes hid in their holes; and thus the battle raged until the "going down of the sun," when it was found that the battle-field was strewn with the dead and dying denizens of the forest, who had been slain in the unequal contest. The number of the slain, consisting mostly of bears, wolves and deer, it is said, amounted, in the aggregate, to seven hundred.

The victors were, of course, delighted with their success, gathered the spoils, and encamped on the battle-ground for the night, and spent the most of it in feasting and merriment. This is but one of the many general hunts of the kind which characterized these early times. The attendant incidents were often not less surprising than comical, and not only furnished the participants with topics of unceasing interest and of "infinite jest," but have been enlarged from gen-

eration to generation, until they have become "marvels" in the traditions of the times.

When Medina county was organized in 1818, it became a "vexed question" among the settlers, whether it should receive the name of "Medina," celebrated as the "burial-place" of Mahomet, or "Mecca," equally celebrated as his "birth-place." A few of the settlers were professors of the Christian religion, and for that reason, objected to the adoption of either of those names. They said they did not wish to perpetuate, in their midst, the memories of Mohammedanism. This led to a spirited discussion, in which the question of bigotry was involved. Fearing that "words might come to blows," it was finally agreed to adopt the name of Medina, and give it to both the county and the county seat, as an evidence that all parties to the controversy preferred to honor the "burial-place" rather than the "birth-place" of the great Arab prophet.

The county seat was surveyed into town lots soon after the county was organized. Numbers of the lots were immediately purchased and occupied by actual settlers. A goodly number of families had previously settled in different parts of the county. Zenas Hamilton, an emigrant from Danbury, Conn., was the first man who, with his family, located in Medina township.

This occurred in 1813. His nearest neighbor, at that time, resided at a distance of nine or ten miles from him. The first County Court was held in a barn, which then stood nearly a half mile north of the present Court House.

In connection with the administration of justice, the Gospel was preached by Rev. Rodger Searle, an Episcopalian, who was the first clergyman employed at Medina, and by whose influence the first church edifice was erected. The early settlers, however, previous to his employment, had been accustomed to assemble and hold lay services on the Sabbath at private dwellings in rotation. The pioneers of the vicinity conveyed their families to church in those days in carts, or on sleds, drawn by ox teams, taking with them an axe, a hand-saw, and an auger, to repair their vehicles in case of accident, and also a gun to shoot wild game that might appear along the route.

The celebration of the first wedding at Medina, occurred in March, 1818. The wedding was generally attended by the inhabitants of the town and its vicinity, and the festivities prolonged to a late hour in the night. It happened that it was a dark night, and when the guests were ready to disperse, they found that it was impossible to trace their way home without the aid of lights. They met the dilemma by procuring dry bark

from trees near by, and binding it in small bundles, lighted 'one end, and thus furnished themselves with the necessary illumination, and by this means succeeded in returning to their respective cabins, without serious embarrassment. They all felt that they had had a "good time," and were amply repaid for the inconveniences to which they had been subjected.

In those primitive days the number of inhabitants was few, and widely scattered in reference to location; yet they regarded themselves as akin to each other, and as occupying the same level of social equality. They felt a deep interest in each other's welfare, and cheerfully contributed, when they could, to relieve each other's wants. They borrowed and lent, and shared each other's stores until they could replenish. For years they were obliged to travel twenty miles or more to mill to get their bread-stuffs ground. Often the roads or trails, especially in winter, were almost impassable. It often required from three to four days to go and return from mill with an ox team. They persevered amid difficulties, however formidable, and thus succeeded in illustrating the fact that "fortune favors the brave." Yet in their career they often suffered for the want of the necessities of life, not only for sufficient food, but for comfortable clothing. The clothing which they

brought with them was soon worn out, and the supply exhausted. They made the rags of one garment serve to patch another, and when these failed, resorted to patches cut from deerskin, and thus clad in garments of as "many colors" as Joseph's coat, attended social parties and church, feeling that economy as well as charity should begin at home. Often the entire suit was made of buckskin; yet no one had the impoliteness to criticise the "style of dress" in which his friends appeared. The people of those days were not controlled by the "tyranny of fashion."

In due time, however, when the country had become more generally settled and improved, the state of society underwent material changes; and with abundance of products from the soil, came a desire to indulge in luxuries and in styles of dress copied from the Eastern fashions. Of course these indulgences were soon followed with social distinctions, rivalries and jealousies, not to say dissensions. People then began to speak of each other as rich, or poor, as moving in the highest social circles, or as belonging to the commonalty.

Though many had acquired comparative wealth, consisting of redundant supplies of wheat, beef and pork, yet they found it extremely difficult to convert their products into cash at any price, and were compelled to exchange their pro-

ducts for such goods as they most needed, with the local merchants, who were better able to transport surplus products to an eastern market. Yet most of the merchants could only sell their goods for cash, and if they paid cash for farm products, it was merely a nominal sum, compared with their real value. Ten bushels of wheat would not sell in cash for a enough to pay the cost of a pound of tea. Wheat was often sold as low as twelve and a half cents a bushel. Other farm products were equally cheap.

A pioneer farmer, from Granger, came to Medina with an ox-cart loaded with corn, a distance of eight miles, and was glad to exchange it for three yards of cheap satinete to make for himself a pair of pantaloons. It was thought the "good time had come" when wheat could be sold for twenty-five cents a bushel. It was not until the Erie canal was opened, that a market for their surplus products was afforded them. From that time forward, prosperity followed, and the entire country rapidly grew in population and in wealth. Log-cabins disappeared, and commodious frame dwellings took their places. Towns sprang into existence, with shops, schools and churches. Farm products found a ready cash sale, and at remunerative prices. The rising generation began to "put on airs," and to make still more critical distinctions in regard to social

positions. The oldest people, the fathers and mothers of the land, still adhered to their primitive habits, styles of dress and love of social equality. Such is human nature.

It is very doubtful whether mankind will ever reach the standpoint of a common brotherhood. If they could do this, and treat each other as brothers, it would convert the earth into a paradise. But so long as human nature continues to be what it now is, and ever has been, the prediction of the philanthropist in regard to this desirable fraternity of the human family, will still remain but a "barren ideal." The truth is, cultivate the wheat-field as you will, you will still find more or less "tares" in it at the harvest. This seems to be a law of nature. If it were not, it would annihilate all distinction between "good and evil," and remove the necessity for further Christian effort in suppressing vice and promoting virtue. It is this necessity of moral effort, however, which gives to man the graces of a true manhood. Hence evil must be done that good may come. Though this may seem a strange doctrine, it involves the principle on which both moral philosophy and Christianity are founded. It is a "Divine mystery."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Lorain County—Lake Shore Ridges—Geology of the Northwestern Lakes—Heman Ely—Name of Elyria—Falls of Black River—Rocks and Caves—Girls caught Bathing—Stone Relics and Inscriptions—River Valley—Rev. John J. Shephard, the Founder of Oberlin College.

As the Western Reserve increased in population, the large land proprietors endeavored to increase the value of their lands by securing from the Legislature the erection of new counties, and then, by adroit management, procuring the county seats to be established on their own lands. In this way the proprietors continued to realize not only speculative wealth, but an enviable reputation as founders of towns and cities.

It was by influences of this character, that the county of Lorain came to be erected in 1822. Its territory was taken from the adjoining counties of Huron, Cuyahoga and Medina. It was not organized until the ensuing year 1823. It is indebted for its name to the French province,

Lorraine. The county is bounded on the north by Lake Erie, and its soil is generally rich and fertile. That part of it extending along the Lake shore presents physical peculiarities, which are problems, awaiting, in the minds of inquisitive observers, a satisfactory solution. These peculiarities consist of three distinct "ridges" of land, running parallel with the margin of the Lake, and with each other, and at a distance from each other of a half mile or more. They mark successive elevations of table lands or plains, and seem to have marked, at different periods, the boundaries of the Lake.

The excavations which have been made, confirm this theory by disclosing the fact that the "ridges" are composed, at great depths, of worn pebbles, shells, and occasional trunks of old trees, and other evidences of the action of water. Whether the waters of the Lake have receded at distinct periods, or the entire coast been elevated, still remains a question among geologists. At any rate, these "ridges" are the records of a physical power, whose empire can neither be restricted nor limited. The geological formation of the great chain of our Northwestern Lakes involves a mystery which modern science has not, as yet, fully revealed. The chain has many different links in it, some longer and some shorter; some of which are composed partly of

iron, copper and silver, while others are merely "ropes of sand." Nature has a method of her own in all she does, whether it relates to her work of construction, destruction, or reconstruction.

The first settler who located in the township of Elyria was Heman Ely. He, with his family, emigrated from West Springfield, Mass., in 1817. He was the proprietor of the township, and took a deep interest in its future. Both he and his wife, after mature deliberation, concluded to give the township the baptismal name of "Elyria." They regarded it as their own child, and shared in giving it a name composed of parts of their own. His surname being Ely, and her Christian name Maria, they united his name with the last three letters of her name—Ely and ria—and thus composed the name "Elyria." When the county seat was established in 1823, it received the name of Elyria as a compliment to its worthy paternity.

It was Mr. Ely who laid out the village plat into town lots. It was here that he erected his cabin on his arrival in the country, in 1817. He led the "way into the wilderness," and selected this spot as destined to become a large town, for the reason that he saw in the water power, created by the falls of Black River, physical inducements for founding a town or commercial

city. In this he was not mistaken. Elyria is fortunate both in its name and in its location. Situated as it is on a peninsula, formed by the two branches of the river, it commands fine views of natural scenery, and from its growth in wealth and population, has now become one of the most beautiful towns of the Western Reserve.

Near the junction of the branches of the river, there are two falls of water, which have a perpendicular descent of nearly forty feet. The scenery at this point is especially grand, wild and picturesque. On the west branch the rocks crop out and project at a lofty elevation, and overhang the gulf or valley below, some thirty feet or more. Underneath these projecting rocks there is a spacious semi-circular cavern, with a broad entrance. The depth of this cavern is about seventy-five feet, with a roof, or ceiling of solid rock, from five to nine feet in height. The floor is also solid rock, and nearly level. From appearances, the cavern was once the favorite resort of the Indians. The interior is not only spacious, but cool and refreshing in summer. It is for this reason that social parties at that season often visit the cavern, where they enjoy a variety of rustic festivities, and amuse themselves by listening to a return of their own merry voices, as they are repeated by the invisible

spirits hidden away in the cavern's mysterious recesses.

Tradition says that in the days of the pioneers a half dozen damsels, while bathing in the crystal waters of the river, at a retired spot near the cavern, were suddenly surprised by the approach of two young men, who were innocently hunting "ducks" along the river valley. The panic-stricken damsels fled, with breathless speed, to the cavern for shelter, leaving their robes behind them, suspended on the branches of the accommodating saplings. The young hunters felt hardly less embarrassed than the damsels, and "took counsel together" as to what they should do to relieve the "pressure" of circumstances.

It was soon agreed that they would gather the suspended robes from the trees and deliver them at the entrance of the cavern, where the nude proprietors could readily get them. When they had tied the robes in a bundle, there arose a delicate question as to which of the two should deliver it, and at the same time do it in such a way as not to "shock the modesty" of the fair fugitives a second time. In order to effect this, one of them agreed to execute the task blindfold, but stumbling on the way at every step, he partially lifted the blind over one eye so that he could discover his direction, and when he arrived at the cavern, instantly threw his precious bur-

den into its entrance, turned on his heel, and gallantly fled, without daring to cast even a "glance" behind him, though he doubtless concurred with the blind poet, Milton, in thinking that beauty, "when unadorned, is still adorned the most." In a moment the coy "nymphs of the cave" recognized the character of the bundle, seized it, made hasty toilets, and with flying steps returned to their respective homes. From that day to the present, this retired bathing spot in the river, has ceased to be regarded with favor by the ladies.

So late as the year 1838, there was discovered in this county, on the farm of Alfred Lamb, in Brighton township, a stone image or idol of columnar shape, several feet in length, covered with a coat of dense moss, and partially buried in the soil where it had evidently lain for many years. From appearance, it had originally occupied an upright posture. Near it was found a hewn stone, eight inches in diameter and two inches in thickness. The head or apex of the columnar stone appeared to have been decorated with a pair of horns, which had been broken off. On the face of the column or image was inscribed, in letters still legible, the following record: "Louis Vagard, La France, 1533." Near this, another stone was found, on the face of which was sketched, in a rude manner, the distinct outline of a small ship or vessel, under full sail.

These relics would seem to indicate that a French vessel had been lost on the Lake, or had coasted along its shore, in 1533, and that its captain or some one of its subordinate officers or crew had died on board or been drowned. It would seem still more probable, however, that a party from the vessel had landed at the entrance of Black river, and proceeded inland for the purpose of hunting game or making explorations, and that this "Louis Vagard" was one of the party, who lost his life by accident, or was killed in a contest with the Indians. His companions, doubtless, erected the stone monument, and engraved on its face his name, with the date of the year in which the unfortunate event occurred, as a tribute to his memory, and as a landmark by which his kindred might at some future time find the resting place of his remains.

The Black River valley, extending from Elyria to the Lake, a distance of about eight miles, was a favorite region in primitive times, which was exclusively occupied by the aborigines. Here they dwelt in great numbers. The river furnished them with ample supplies of fish, and the hunting grounds in its valley and in its vicinity, afforded them an abundance of wild game. Here for unknown ages they flourished, worshiped the Great Spirit, engaged in warfare with hostile tribes, and enjoyed a happy and contented life,

until civilization encroached upon their wild domains and compelled them to retire still further into the wilderness towards the setting sun.

"Thus race to race must ever yield
And mental power assume the sway;
Broad as the earth the ample field
For those who trust in virtue's shield
And Freedom's banner dare display!"

There is a divine power in the progress of American civilization, which marks its line of march with school-houses, churches and colleges. This great fact is strikingly illustrated in the settlement of Lorain county.

Among the many projects of enterprising men, who sought the advancement of the county and the promotion of its moral and social welfare, was that of Rev. John J. Shepard. As if influenced by "divine inspiration," he conceived the idea of establishing a collegiate institution for the purpose of affording the rising generation a higher order of literary and religious education, than could be obtained in the common district schools. Impelled by this "one idea," he mounted his horse on a pleasant morning in August, 1832, and rode alone into the wilderness in a southerly direction from Elyria, until he reached a tract of land beautifully located as a desirable site for a college, which he unhesita-

tingly selected. The tract consisted of five hundred acres. He at once reported to the friends of his project the selection he had made, which was cheerfully approved.

Soon after this the dark old forest was cleared away, and the sunlight of heaven allowed to illuminate the spot. The college edifice was speedily erected and put into successful operation. In other words, the "one idea" was realized. Rev. John J. Shepard will long be remembered as the founder of Oberlin—the "Cradle of Negro Freedom." He was the second "John" who came "crying in the wilderness." He evidently did not "cry" in vain. The college has already achieved a "marvelous work" by its educational influences. It will doubtless fulfil the measure of its destiny, be it what it may. This may be accepted as a "truism."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Whence Erie and Sandusky derived their Names—Gen. Bradstreet relieves Detroit—Moravian Mission at Huron River—First Settlers of the Fire-lands—Distressed Family—Social Visits—How a Lady crossed a River to make a Call—Boys captured at a Bee-tree—Castalia.

FEW, if any, of the Western Reserve counties have a "name and fame" of more interest than that of Erie. The principal part of its territory was taken from Huron county, with the exception of a small fraction taken from Sandusky, which was not originally included in the Reserve. The county was erected in 1838. Its name is derived from the name of an Indian tribe, known as the Eries. They originally occupied the lands along the southeastern shore of the Lake, to which their tribal name has been given. The word "Erie" signifies in the Indian tongue "cat,"—or nation of "the cat," and was doubtless applied to the tribe for the reason that wild

cats, in primitive times, abounded in this region of the country.

The city of Sandusky, the county seat of Erie, is indebted for its name to the bay on which it is located. The bay, one of the broadest and finest that indents the coast of Lake Erie, derives its appellation from an old Indian Chief, who dwelt on its borders at an early day, and whose name was "Sowdowsky." This was a favorite spot of the aborigines. The bay furnished them with an abundance of fish. The adjacent marshes swarmed with ducks, geese, and other wild fowl. The neighboring forests afforded them ample hunting grounds, from which they supplied themselves with a plenty of deer, elk, bear and other favorite game.

There are many relics and traces of Indian life still remaining in and about the city, which remind one of the primitive days when the dusky children of nature occupied the entire region. At the time the white men made their first settlement here, about the year 1817, the town was known as "Ogontz Place," and was so called in honor of an aged Indian by that name, who, for many years previous to this date, had resided at this locality. He foresaw the "manifest destiny" of his race, and disappeared at the advent of civilization. What are called the "fire-lands" of the Reserve, are embraced within the present

limits of Erie and Huron counties, save a fraction which has been assigned to Ottawa. These lands are now generally occupied by an enterprising population, and prove to be as rich and fertile as any in the State.

The French, in 1755, established a trading post at the mouth of Huron river, and also at various other points in the adjacent regions of the country, with a view to secure the Indian trade. The English intervened, and difficulties arose, which became so threatening that the English government, in 1764, sent Gen. Bradstreet into this western wilderness, with an army of three thousand men to enforce what was claimed to be "English rights." In the meantime, the Indians had been induced to espouse the cause of the French.

The English general, with all the "pomp and circumstance of war," entered the western wilds, by way of Niagara Falls, and when he had reached Sandusky, commenced hostilities by burning the villages and cornfields of the disaffected Indians, and then proceeded on his line of march to Detroit, which Pontiac, the great Indian chief, with his confederate forces, had encompassed and threatened to destroy, and which was at that time in the possession of an English garrison, too weak, in point of numbers and supplies, to defend itself. Detroit, at this early day, was little else than a military fort. The general, on

arriving there, soon dispersed the dusky besiegers, and then, having strengthened the garrison, retired with the remainder of his troops, after having finally succeeded in concluding a treaty of peace and friendship with the chiefs of the hostile tribes.

The Moravian Missionaries had established a mission as early as 1790, on Huron River, which they called New Salem. The earliest settlement on the "fire-lands," was made in 1808, by Col. Jared Ward, Almon Ruggles and Jabez Wright, who, with their families, emigrated from Connecticut. In the course of the next year or two, they were followed by a goodly number of families, who located at different points within the limits of the same tract. The pioneers of this early day began life in this region, as well as in other parts of the Reserve, by building for themselves log cabins, living on wild game, and clothing themselves, often from necessity, in garments manufactured from deer and bear skins. Any fashion one chose to adopt was recognized as the fashion. All lived in fraternal harmony and sympathy. In short, they were friends indeed, and in need. They suffered, endured and struggled. They were heroes in the "battle of life." Yet many of them fell in the conflict, overcome by diseases incident to a new country, or by adversities which could neither be controlled nor avoided.

Among the many sad experiences which occurred in Erie county, was the following: An enterprising young man with a family had selected for a home a beautiful spot, near Huron river, and at a point far distant from any white settlement. Here he erected a log-cabin, cleared a few acres of land, and let in the genial sunlight, to cheer the threshold of his new forest home. This he had accomplished during the first summer after his arrival. In the fall he was taken sick and died, leaving a wife and two young children in a destitute condition, and far away from any white friend or neighbor. Stricken with sorrow too deep for utterance, the devoted wife was compelled to perform the last sad rites for her departed husband, and to trust to such provisions as Divine wisdom might see fit to make for her relief.

After a few weeks had elapsed, it so happened that a hunter, passing that way, discovered the lone cabin, and rapped at the door for admittance. A feeble voice bade him enter. On opening the door, he there beheld a pale, emaciated woman, sitting by a smouldering fire, holding a sick babe in her arms. He addressed her kindly, and expressed his regret at finding her in so sad and helpless a condition. She could only reply by yielding to tears, which she could not restrain; but after a

few moments, so far recovered herself as to point to her oldest child, prostrate with fever, on the bed in a corner of the gloomy cabin, and then to her babe dying in her arms. And then, after a painful pause, she said: "Here I am left alone with my dying children, in a state of destitution. My dear husband, after a lingering illness, died but a short time ago. I was compelled to commit his 'dust to dust' with my own hands, as best I could. There he lies, at rest, beneath the little hillock you see near our cabin door. Oh, that I could return to the dear home of my childhood, with my children, and receive the tender cares of my good mother."

Overcome by this scene of distress, the sturdy hunter wept, then brushed away his tears, uttered a few kind words of sympathy and assurance, and then, with flying steps, proceeded to the nearest white settlement, which was many miles distant, and after a few days, returned with aid and supplies to the lone cabin, and thus relieved the distressed inmates, who were kindly and properly cared for by the white settlers until restored to health, when they were provided with the necessary means of transportation, and restored to their friends in Connecticut.

In the time of the pioneers, the Western Reserve was regarded in the Eastern States, as the "Far West"—a land lying outside the limits of

civilization. It was understood to be the region to which few but rogues and thieves emigrated, actuated by no other motive than a desire to escape the "clutches of the law." This was true, to some extent, of the earliest emigrants; but the tide of emigration, as it swelled in volume, soon carried respectability with it.

The pioneers who resided within a circle of ten or twelve miles, often visited each other in a social way, and without ceremony. On one of these social occasions the "lady of the cabin," having no other cooking utensil than an old bake-kettle, proceeded at once and cooked for her guests a substantial feast, which embraced the "luxuries of the season." Her bake-kettle was everything to her, and with it she cooked everything. On this occasion she tried lard in it, fried cakes, baked bread, stewed venison, brought water from the spring, made tea, and gracefully poured the tea from its iron lips at table, laughingly remarking that she felt proud of her imported "China tea-pot."

This was one of the many instances among the early pioneers where necessity proved to be the "mother of invention." As may well be supposed, the festivities, after the feast, were continued until a late hour. They consisted mainly in singing, dancing, blind-man's-buff, and kissing the bride. These exercises were enjoyed with a rustic relish which is indescribable.

The good house-wives of the pioneers, though often widely domiciled from each other, delighted in exchanging social visits, and for this desirable purpose, were ever ready to encounter difficulties, however formidable they might seem. As an illustration of this, it so happened that the first two white families who settled in the region of Vermillion, selected homes and built their cabins on the opposite sides of the river, and at points nearly three miles distant from the river. The two families had accidentally heard of their relative locations. The lady on the west side, became exceedingly anxious to visit the lady on the east side, and accordingly sent her a message that on a certain day she would pay her a visit, which meant in those days a visit of all day, and not merely a "call."

On the day appointed the west side lady, having reached the river, found it so swollen by the recent rains as to render it unsafe for her to attempt crossing the stream. In the moment of her despair the husband of the east side lady arrived with his ox team on the opposite bank, ready to receive the west side lady, and convey her to his cabin. He saw at once the dilemma, and resolving to overcome it, detached his oxen from the cart, leaped astride one of them, and compelled them to swim to the opposite shore. They bore him over in safety. He then per-

suaded the waiting lady to take a seat on the back of the other ox, when he gallantly recrossed the "dark river" without accident. She then accepted a seat in the ox-cart, and was conveyed some three miles or more to the cabin of her polite conductor, where the two house-wives of the wilderness met for the first time, and doubtless enjoyed one of the richest and rarest gossip visits imaginable, though their "gossip" related to themselves and their families.

There are times, and this was one of them, when a woman must relieve her mind, and can only do it to a woman.

"While the tones ring on, with naught to show,
From whence they come or whither they go!"

And yet it is questionable, whether the confidential talk of the men is not quite as trivial as the gossip of the women. Both are doubtless equally enjoyable, if not important, and seem to grow out of the natural impulses of the distinctive character of the sexes. If there were no "mysteries," the world would lose its charms. If mankind and womankind, were equally wise, there would doubtless be less "small talk" about family matters.

The Indians resident within the present limits of Erie county and in its vicinity, became generally hostile in the war of 1812, to the Americans,

from inducements offered them by the agents of the British government, and consequently they attacked and murdered American settlers wherever they could find them. In fact, they massacred men, women and children, without mercy, and without distinction. The more scalps they could obtain, the more bounties they received from the British authorities. Yet, in a few instances, there was manifested in the savage breast a "touch of nature," which makes all men akin to each other.

Two young American lads, one pleasant morning in the fall of 1812, left the block-house, where they were safely lodged, and feeling entirely unapprehensive of danger, proceeded a mile or more into the forest for the purpose of securing the honey from a "bee-tree," which they had previously discovered. While engaged in cutting the tree down, they were surprised by two Indians, who killed one of the lads by the name of Seymour, on the spot. One of the Indians recognized the other lad, as he was about to strike the fatal blow, as a member of an American family in which he had been received and treated with great kindness, and especially by the lad whose life he was about to take. This Indian, yielding to an "impulse of nature," stayed his hand, and expressed his gratitude for the kind treatment he had received at the hands

of the family, not only by sparing the lad's life, but by aiding him in gathering the honey and in carrying it home to his mother.

Among the many pleasant villages which now exist in Erie county, there are none, perhaps, which excel in point of beauty the village of Castalia. It derives its name from an ancient Grecian fount, and is located about five miles from Sandusky, on the head-waters of Coal Creek, which originates in a broad and beautiful spring, two hundred feet in diameter and sixty feet deep, known as the "Castalian Spring." This spring rises from a level prairie. Its waters are pure, cold, and clear as a crystal. The smallest pebble can be seen in its depths. In the sunlight it reflects, like a mirror, the hues of surrounding objects. Nature sees her face reflected in it, and seems to admire her own bewitching charms, damsel-like, with an air of gratified pride. It is said that the waters of this spring are composed of constituents that petrify every vegetable substance which comes in contact with their influence, such as grass stems, twigs of shrubs, mosses, and other like productions.

There is a very interesting cave situated about two miles north of Castalia, a secret work-shop of Nature, in which she has displayed many beautiful specimens of her artistic work, in the

shape of stalactites and stalagmites, glittering like a casket of gems. It was a singular incident which led to the discovery of this cave. A dog in chase of a rabbit followed its track into this cave, and was so long gone in its recesses as to alarm his master, who was watching at its narrow opening for his return, when, after whistling and calling loudly for a long time, his faithful dog re-appeared, bearing the rabbit in his mouth. On further exploration it was ascertained that the cave had seven distinct entrances, though of narrow dimensions, and that its interior branched into several spacious apartments. There are evidences that it was known to the aborigines, and was doubtless occupied by them as a hiding place, and perhaps as a hall for the worship of the "Great Spirit."

CHAPTER XXV.

Why called "Summit"—David Hudson and his career—Akron so named by Olcott—Its first settlers—Minor Spicer and the Indian hunter—Akron Flour Mills and "brand"—Cuyahoga Falls—Swapping horses—Stowe and a party of surveyors luxuriate on Rattlesnakes.

THE territory included within the present limits of Summit county, has an early record of much interest. Summit is a piece of patchwork, clipped from the skirts of Portage, Medina and Stark counties. This was done by the legislative wisdom of the State, March 3, 1846. It was called "Summit," because it embraces within its limit the highest land known in the State, above the line of the Ohio canal. It was originally called the "Portage," because it referred to the line of elevated lands over which passed the old Indian trail, connecting the navigable waters of the Cuyahoga river with the Tuscarawas. This old trail was the highway over which the Indians and early white traders transported their luggage

and goods on pack-horses, as has been heretofore remarked, and was about eight miles in length. It was regarded as the ancient boundary line between the Six Nations, occupying the territory east of the Cuyahoga, and the several tribes located west of that river.

The first settler in Summit, David Hudson, arrived with his family at Hudson, in 1800. He had, during the previous year, explored the country, in company with Benjamin Tappan, a young lawyer, who settled at Ravenna. They both emigrated from Connecticut. The town of Hudson took its name from David Hudson, its founder. He, with his family, and several other emigrants from the land of Puritanism, came into the country by way of the Lake, in an open boat, and were subjected to many perils and and hairbreadth escapes. The boat was heavily laden, and while entering the mouth of the Cuyahoga river, struck a sand-bar, and nearly filled with water, when, as luck would have it, a mountain wave came rolling shoreward, lifted the boat from the sand-bar, and floated her safely into the quiet waters of the river.

They continued their voyage up the river, in a rain storm, to a convenient landing place, where they pitched their tents for the night. The rain fell in torrents during the night, and when they awoke, near daybreak, they found themselves in

imminent danger of floating down "stream in their beds. It was only by a prompt effort that they succeeded in saving themselves from a watery grave. All were truly thankful for an escape which seemed a special Providence. Hudson remarked, that he felt his responsibility in attempting to settle his family in the wilderness, so far away from civilization, but believed he had been influenced by the "fear of God, which is the beginning of wisdom." For some time he and his family, with one other individual, constituted the entire population of Hudson, numbering thirteen persons in all. The population soon increased.

With a view to secure the moral welfare of the town, Deacon Hudson established public worship, and took the lead in providing a public school. These were the first institutions of the kind established at Hudson. All this has eventuated in giving to Hudson its present intelligent population, its several churches and public schools, crowned with a college, known as the "Western Reserve College," and to which a Theological and Medical Department has been attached. To Deacon Hudson belongs the honor not only of founding the town, but of sowing the moral grain of mustard seed, which has attained to a gigantic growth, bearing "golden fruit," and diffusing its benign influence throughout

that entire region. It is quite impossible to estimate the grand moral results which often flow from small beginnings. The good Deacon died in 1836, aged 75 years. "*Requiescat in pace.*"

Akron, the county seat of Summit, was surveyed into city lots in 1825, and received its name from a Greek word, signifying "height," or "elevation." Its site is located on the highest point of land intervening between Lake Erie and the Ohio River. The town is indebted for its name to a lawyer of Medina, who has long since deceased, and who was a fine classical scholar, as well as an able jurist and counsellor. For many years he practiced law with success, but finally contracted habits inconsistent with "temperance in all things," and descended prematurely to the grave—the wreck of a noble manhood. His name was Olcott.

It was in the year 1811, that the first white men settled in the vicinity of Akron. They were three in number, Paul Williams, Amos and Minor Spicer. Theirs was the only white settlement, at that time, in that section. The Indians were then numerous throughout the surrounding country, and though professing to be friendly, often proved treacherous. Well knowing that but little faith could be placed in Indian professions, the white settlers adopted every precaution possible to avoid surprise, and when they retired

at night accustomed themselves to sleep with "one eye open."

One dark night, during the war of 1812, after Minor Spicer and his wife had retired to bed, Mr. Spicer was awakened from his slumbers by a loud and oft repeated rap at his cabin door. He instantly sprang to his feet, stepped to the door and demanded who was there, and what was wanting. To this demand he received a harsh, guttural reply in the Indian language, which he did not comprehend. The "outsider" became imperious in demanding entrance, when Spicer cautiously opened the door, and found himself confronted by a big, stalwart Indian, mounted on a pony with two rifles and the two halves of a slain deer slung behind him. Spicer asked him what he wanted, and received a reply in Indian. Spicer then demanded he should speak in English, or he would dismount him. The Indian then said, in broken English, that he wished to stop for the night at Spicer's cabin; a request which was reluctantly granted. The unwelcome guest dismounted. The rifles were placed in one corner of the cabin, the venison hung up in another, and the pony, for want of a barn, was stabled in a vacant pig-sty. The Indian, finding himself in comfortable quarters, deliberately cut a few steaks from the venison, and desired Mrs. Spicer to cook them for him. This she cheerfully

did, and seasoning the meat with pepper and salt, placed it before him. He drew up to the table, and after tasting the meat rose from his chair, smacking his lips with a scowl on his face, laid his tomahawk and scalping knife in the corner beside the rifles, and then prostrated himself on the hearth before the fire, and soon appeared to have fallen asleep. Spicer and wife then retired for the night to their bed-room, which was on the same floor.

The Indian remained in apparent slumber for some time, when he raised himself to a sitting posture, and turning his head, looked steadily over his shoulder toward the bed-room, as if to assure himself that all the family were asleep, then rose to his feet, and stepped lightly across the floor to the corner, where the implements of death had been placed. At this moment the feelings of Spicer and wife, who had feigned sleep, yet had watched the movements of their guest, became intensely excited, especially as they saw the Indian halt in his approach to the corner, and again look around, evidently with a view to ascertain whether he had disturbed the household, and hearing no sound, he then seized his scalping-knife, and touched its edge with his finger. Spicer, at this juncture, believing that blood must flow, noiselessly took his own rifle in hand, which stood at his bedside, and leveled it

at the Indian, ready to fire, when he discovered that the Indian had thrust his knife into the venison, and was cutting from it a large slice, which, when severed, he proceeded to lay on the live embers in the fire place to broil. This reassured Spicer, that "all is well that ends well." He then replaced his rifle carefully at his bedside, without alarming the Indian, who, after broiling and devouring his huge slice of venison, readjusted himself on the hearth and there slept quietly until morning.

The truth was, the Indian, though famishing with hunger, did not relish the meat which Mrs. Spicer had cooked for him, because it tasted of salt and pepper; and, therefore, he concluded to appease his appetite, after the family had retired, by cooking a repast to suit his taste, and at the same time avoid disturbing the family, as he feared Mrs. Spicer might feel mortified that her cookery had proved unacceptable. The occurrence was certainly a rare instance of the delicate consideration of an Indian, for the sensibilities of a white woman, who had cheerfully endeavored to do him a kindness.

The Indian expressed his gratitude, on leaving in the morning, to the family for their kind hospitalities, and gave the reason which had led him to their cabin at so late an hour at night. He said that he and his aged father had been out on

a deer hunt, the day previous, and had lost themselves at nightfall in the depths of the forest. His father was overcome with the cold and fatigues of the day, and could travel no further. He then wrapt his father in the two blankets shared between them, and placed him in a comfortable bed of leaves, under the shelter of a fallen tree, and while thinking how to dispose of himself, saw a light in the distance, followed it, and thus became a guest at the cabin. He now remounted his pony, and retraced his steps into the dense forest, where he found his father, who had just awakened from a sound sleep, much refreshed, when they both proceeded on their way, expressing their acknowledgments to the "Great Spirit," who had protected them.

The first grist mill built in Summit was erected in 1807, at a point about two miles east of Akron, on the Little Cuyahoga river, where the village of Middlebury is now located. The present flour mills of Akron may trace their ancestry to this primitive mill. Unlike the "mill of the gods," the present Akron mills grind fast, and produce the best quality of flour known to the market, and when converted into bread almost induces one to believe that man can live by "bread alone," though contrary to Scripture. The Akronians are an enterprising people, and have a growing city that cannot be thrown into the

"shadow of a doubt" as to its continuous growth and prosperity.

The beautiful village of Cuyahoga Falls is located on the Cuyahoga river, about four miles northeast of Akron. The natural scenery at this point is remarkable for its wild and picturesque appearance. Within a short distance from the village the river falls to the depth of some two hundred feet, while the walls of the channel rise to a corresponding perpendicular height. This wild locality, in primitive times, was a favorite resort of the aborigines. They called the falls "coppacaw," which in their language, signifies "shedding of tears." These Indians were shrewd at a bargain; and in trading with a white settler, who located in that vicinity, succeeded in cheating him outrageously in the sale of a worthless pony. The white man, when he discovered the cheat, shed tears. This exhibition of womanly weakness disgusted the Indians, who would rather die than cry, happen what would. The more the white man cried, the more the Indians laughed at him, calling him "Coppacaw," a nickname by which he was ever afterward known.

The township of Stowe received its name from Joshua Stowe, a member of the surveying party, who landed at Conneaut on the 4th of July, 1796. In traversing the Lake Shore he acted as flagman in advance of the compass, and often encountered rattlesnakes in his path, which he

delighted to kill. The party, though supplied with a plenty of salt provisions, desired fresh meat as a change of diet. They therefore tried the experiment of dressing and cooking certain parts of the rattlesnakes, which Stowe had killed, and found the taste and flavor excellent. They partook of the feast with a keen relish, and often repeated this luxurious indulgence. This fact may be relied on as a truthful "snake story." But now the day of rattlesnakes, like the "day of miracles," has passed. The only snakes that seem to infest modern times are "snakes in the boots." These the Prohibition party has not, as yet, been able to exterminate.

It is to be hoped, however, that some irresistible influence or potency, like that of Saint Patrick of good Old Ireland, will come to the rescue and expel forever this kind of reptiles from our "happy land." Yet the moral evils of the present day, are perhaps as few as at any former period in the history of our country, in proportion to its population. Moral evils are incident to human nature, and abound to a greater or less extent in all countries, and in all ages. In fact, moral evils are the most formidable enemies with which we have to contend in fighting the "battle of life." Though unable to exterminate them, yet we may subordinate them. If any human being can conquer them, it is he who can "conquer himself."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Early settlement at Mentor—Judge Walworth and Gen. Paine—Painesville—Old Seneca the Indian Chief—Hon. Samuel Huntington and his Great Expectations—Judge Walworth attacked by wolves—First house built in Lake County—Bones and relics—Little Mountain.

LAKE is one of the youthful counties of the Reserve. It is indebted for its territory to the liberality of Geauga and Cuyahoga. Bordering as it does on the Lake, it received the baptismal name of Lake County. Its birth occurred March 6, 1840. Its domains are rich and productive, and admirably adapted to the culture of apples, pears, plums, grapes and other fruits, as well as to cereals of all kinds. It abounds also in the production of the finest animal stock, in the broadest sense of the word; and is not destitute of mineral wealth, in the shape of iron ore, especially in Perry and Madison townships.

Young as the county is, its territory has an interesting history. The first white settlement

within its limits was made at Mentor, in 1799. Among the settlers was Hon. John Walworth, who with his family, emigrated from New London, Conn. In the course of the next two years other emigrants from the land of "steady habits" arrived, among whom was Gen. Edward Paine. Some of them did not bring "steady habits" with them. But this remark is by no means applicable to such men as Judge Walworth and Gen. Paine.

Soon after the organization of the State government, Walworth was appointed one of the Associate Judges of Trumbull county, which embraced at that time the entire Western Reserve. He received, in 1805, the appointment of collector of customs for the Cuyahoga district, and removed to Cleveland, where he opened an office and permanently settled. Gen. Paine settled at Painesville. He had served as an officer in the Revolution with signal ability, was a man of wealth, and highly respected by all who knew him. The town of Painesville was originally surveyed into lots by Henry Champion, and named "Champion." This appellation, however, was soon afterwards changed, and that of "Painesville" substituted, as a compliment due Gen. Paine for his enterprise and distinguished revolutionary services.

It is true that Painesville could boast of its

distinguished citizens in early as well as in later times. Among the aborigines who remained at Painesville, after the date of its first settlement by white men, was an aged Indian chief, known as "Seneca," and who was so named by the whites on account of his manifest wisdom and sagacity. His Indian name was "Stigwanish." It is said that he possessed the dignity of a Roman Senator, the honesty of Aristides, and the philanthropy of William Penn. He would not beg, but received gifts with a gracious acknowledgment. He was always careful to return all such favors with donations of greater value. He drank wine moderately, but refused to taste whisky, for the reason that he once drank so freely of it as to become crazed, and while under its maddening influence, attempted to strike his squaw with a tomahawk, as she was passing him with her pappoose perched on her back, but missed his aim and split the head of the pappoose, which he dearly loved. This sad occurrence proved a lesson which wrought his reformation. His honesty gave him credit. He never contracted a debt which he did not pay at the time agreed. He was an ardent friend of the white men, and contributed, in every way he could, to promote their welfare, especially during the perilous times of 1812. During the later years of his career he resided in the vicinity of Cleveland, where he was last seen.

The Indian tribes, occupying the wilderness west of the Cuyahoga river, were hostile to the tribes occupying the eastern side, and often made raids on the east side tribes, who avenged these wrongs whenever an opportunity was afforded them. It is quite probable that the old chief Seneca, who was as brave as he was honest, lost his life in a conflict with these western tribes. He lived and died a staunch friend of the white men. It is for this reason that his name was given to one of the oldest streets in Cleveland.

Hon. Samuel Huntington was one of the early settlers at Painesville. He was the adopted son of a former Governor of Connecticut, by the same name. He was bred a lawyer, and in 1802 was elected a delegate to the convention that framed the first constitution of Ohio. The next year he was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court. In 1808 he was elected Governor of the State. He had resided sometime at Cleveland, prior to his settlement at Painesville, where he died in 1817. He was a gentleman of fine attainments, polished manners, and active in promoting the improvements of the country and the true interests of its population.

He erected, in 1803, in connection with several other gentlemen, the first ware-house known at that time in the Lake region. It was located at the mouth of Grand River. It was then thought

by many that Painesville was destined to become the great commercial town of the Western Reserve. It was in the ware-house which he had built that the first court in Geauga county was held. He also laid out, in 1812, the town of Fairport, on the east bank of Grand River, with "great expectations" that it would not only advance the interests of Painesville, but might in time blend with it. The two towns are now connected by railway, and it is quite possible his "great expectations" may yet be realized, though hardly probable.

This region of country, in those early days, was grievously infested with wolves. Judge Walworth, while travelling from Grand River to Cleveland on one occasion, after nightfall, and when near Cleveland, was attacked by a hungry pack of these savage denizens of the forest. He was on horseback, and attempted to defend himself by striking them with his folded umbrella as they sprang to seize him by the legs. In doing this his horse took fright, and gallantly bore him away in safety from the battle-field.

The first dwelling or cabin known in Lake county was constructed by Charles Parker, one of the surveyors, in 1796. The first settlement made at Willoughby occurred in 1803. Tradition says that a bloody battle was fought on the ground now occupied by the town, and near the

locality of the old medical college, between hostile tribes of Indians, in which a large number were slain. This is confirmed by the fact that a mass of human bones were discovered at a considerable depth in this locality, some years ago, which from their appearance evidently belonged to the anatomy of the aboriginal races. But who they were, or why they fought, are questions which can never be answered. The written record of mankind is very brief, compared with their unwritten deeds.

There was found by an early pioneer of Perry township, in an old Indian burial ground, a club of Nicaragua wood, in connection with the bones of a man, supposed to have been those of a white man. The club was perfectly sound, but the bones were much decayed. This fact was thought to indicate that the country had, at some unknown period far back in the past, been explored, if not occupied by white men, who may have been Spanish adventurers from South America, or from some Southern French or English settlement. The finder of the club was an early pioneer from Connecticut. He gave the relic to his wife as a curiosity worthy of preservation. She discovered its coloring properties, and utilized it as a dye-wood in her domestic manufacture of red flannel. The club and the bones, however, had a history which, if it could be

truly revealed, would doubtless prove of abiding interest to the antiquarian.

It is evident that nature sometimes indulges in freaks. One of the gems of Lake county is "Little Mountain." Nature must have been in a frolic when she made it. It is difficult to say just what her process was, but judging from appearances, she first mixed water, clay and pebbles into a loaf of dough, housewife-like, and baked it in an oven of subterranean fires, when its explosive yeast lifted it to its present height. It stands in the midst of a level country, "alone in its glory," and rises, like a sugar loaf, seven hundred and fifty feet above the waters of the Lake. It is about one mile in diameter at the base, and crowned with a dense forest of pines. Its distance from the Lake is about five miles. It is here and there pierced with yawning fissures to great depths. Some of these are open at the surface, while others are covered, and thus form spacious caverns. Some of these caverns have rock floors, and are of sufficient height and width to admit of easy exploration.

The summit of the mountain contains an area of some fifty or sixty acres of nearly level land. This circular elevation, rising as it does in the midst of a plain, suggests the idea of its being a volcanic bubble, produced while its material was in a molten or boiling condition, and cooling in

that form before it had time to collapse. However this may be, it bears the evidence of having been subjected to intense heat. Its composition is a coarse sand-rock, seamed with layers of white pebbles, which are about the size of hickory nuts, smooth and polished, and which indicate that they have been, at a former period, subjected to the action of the waves, like those now found along the beach of the Lake. Hence it is inferred that the entire material, composing the mountain, was once a part of the Lake bed, which has been lifted by subterranean forces to its present position. This might have been done at one upheaval, or by successive applications of volcanic force. In the process, it is evident that the rocks broke of their own weight into fragments of great length, and settled away from each other, so as to leave corresponding edges with deep cavities, or fissures, between them. Many of these are covered over by shelving surface rocks, and in this way have formed dark, winding galleries, extending throughout the interior, or heart of the mountain.

In primitive times this mountain was a favorite resort of the aborigines—a landmark in the wilderness, on whose apex they kindled their beacon fires. They also regarded it as the dwelling place of the Great Spirit, whose divine presence rendered it not only a secure rallying point,

but a sanctified altar, where they could present their offerings and invoke the divine aid and protection of their invisible Father.

But now the mountain presents a very different aspect, though it retains its primitive forest of pines and balsamic atmosphere. Beneath the overshadowing pines, hotels and cottages crown its summit, and thousands of visitors, during the heated months of the year, come to the mountain, as the mountain cannot come to them, to enjoy its balmy air, its inviting accommodations, its social recreations, and its salutary influences. This summer home, in the "mountain," has no equal as a summer resort within hundreds of miles. Its natural scenery is wild, beautiful and romantic. The air is so uniformly cool and bracing, that it inspires the invalid with newness of life, as well as gives buoyancy of spirit to those who are weary and worn with business cares. All that this beautiful spot now needs to make it a paradise, is larger and still more inviting accommodations. When these are furnished, as they some day will be, "Little Mountain" will take a dignified rank among the renowned mountains of the earth. And though it may never be numbered among the "sacred mountains," yet it will ever furnish "tablets of stone," on which the finger of God has written the evidences of divine power, if not his "com-

mandments." It is here one may not only escape from the heat and dusty activities of Summer, but from himself—

And breathe the healthful air
At Nature's mountain shrine,
Where life has not a care
Beneath the dreamy pine !

CHAPTER XXVII.

Little things—Joe Smith—Discovery and translation of the Golden Plates or Book of Mormon—Novel written by Solomon Spaulding—How Rev. Sidney Rigdon obtained the manuscript—Scheme of Smith and Rigdon—Latter Day Saints—Temple at Kirtland—Removal to Nauvoo—Flight into the Western Wilderness—Salt Lake City—The prophet.

LAKE county is a little county, famous for “many little things,” some of which are really great things in a certain sense. For instance, there is the little town of Kirtland, snugly ensconced among the hills, which has a wide and lasting fame, if not an enviable one. It is the veritable “cradle of Mormonism.” As to the origin of this new religious faith, different versions have been given.

One version is that it originated with Joe Smith, who was afterwards aided in his schemes by equally unscrupulous men. But little is known of Smith's early career in life. It has

been ascertained, however, that he was born in Vermont, in 1805, of humble parentage. His education was sadly neglected by his parents; yet as he grew to manhood he evinced a degree of native tact and talent, which was truly remarkable. He had not only an inquisitive mind, but a "vaulting ambition" to acquire public notoriety.

He delighted in discussing theological subjects, and assumed that he was endowed with the "gift of prophecy." In proof of this gift, he practiced the "divining art" with considerable success in the rural districts of his own neighborhood, and especially among the unsophisticated farmers. He always carried with him a mysterious looking rod, which he called a "divining rod," and by the tremulous motion of which he could determine just the spot where persons wishing to dig a well could strike upon an ample spring of living water. Many wells were dug in accordance with his instructions, and with admirable success. Yet many were dug with equal success without his divinations. He also carried with him a "mineral rod," by whose attractive power he claimed to detect the spot where hidden treasures had been buried in the earth, and in fact insisted that he had, in this way, discovered several places where large amounts of gold and silver had been concealed

during the Revolution and at subsequent periods. His "fame went abroad," and he traveled through the country to a considerable extent, practicing his mysterious arts and delivering lectures. He held public meetings at Palmyra, N. Y., and in other towns, at which he explained, in a plausible way, the gift of divination which he had employed with unprecedented success. He soon found himself sustained by an extensive circle of believers.

Finding this to be the fact, he at once assumed the character of a prophet, and declared that to him had been given a divine commission, authorizing him to announce to the world a new revelation for the salvation of mankind. In order to give sanction to the commission, which he had received, he asserted that he had been guided by an angel from heaven to a secluded nook in the hillside, near Palmyra, where he was directed to make an excavation to a certain depth. This he did, and the result was that he discovered at the depth prescribed, a stone box in which was inclosed a deposit of gold plates, engraved with strange characters, hitherto unknown to any human tongue or alphabet. The angel declared the contents of the plates to be a message sent from heaven to the children of men; and giving the prophet a small illuminating stone, informed him that by placing it in his hat, in connection

with each of the plates in succession, he would instantly become endowed with the "gift of tongues" and the ability to translate the language of the plates into English. The angel then disappeared as mysteriously as he came. Following the directions he had received from the angel, the prophet succeeded in translating the graven plates into plain English, as he asserted. It is this translation of the divine message from heaven, which constitutes the "Golden Bible" or "Book of Mormon," or in other words, the Holy Scriptures of the "Latter Day Saints."

A much more probable version, than the foregoing, has been given of the origin of this new revelation. Some years previous to the marvelous announcement made by Joe Smith, a liberally educated gentleman, by the name of Solomon Spaulding, a native of Connecticut, came to Conneaut, Ohio, and entered into co-partnership with his brother John, who was a merchant, doing business at that place. They subsequently failed as merchants. Solomon's health became seriously impaired, and by way of amusing himself, while in a failing condition of health, wrote a historical romance or fiction, which was purely imaginary, but written in a scriptural style of language. He entitled his work, "The Manuscript Found."

In this fiction he assumed that the American Indians were descendants of the Jews, or "lost tribes," of whom he gives a detailed account of their wandering journey from Jerusalem by land and by sea, until they arrived in America under command of Nephi and Lehi. He also describes the career of these lost tribes, after they arrived in America, their quarrels and contentions, their division into two Nations, known as Nephites and Lemanites, their arts and civilization, their religious rites and ceremonies, and their subsequent cruel and bloody wars, in which great multitudes of them were slain and buried in mounds. It was in this way that he accounted for the origin of the American Indians.

It is well known that Solomon, the author of "The Manuscript Found," read parts of his work, while engaged in writing it, to his brother John, who professed to be quite delighted with its originality, and with its scriptural style of language, and who did not hesitate to advise its publication. This encouraging estimate of the work induced its author, in 1816, to visit Pittsburgh with a view to securing a publisher. It is supposed that he succeeded in making an arrangement for the purpose with the printing firm of "Patterson and Lambdin," and that he left his manuscript with them. Soon after this he visited Amity, Pa., where he was taken suddenly ill, and died.

No more was heard of the manuscript for a good number of years.

In 1824 Sidney Rigdon visited Pittsburgh, and remained for some three years, as a student of theology. In the meantime, he made the acquaintance of Lambdin, of the printing firm, and became his intimate friend. By this means he undoubtedly acquired possession of the manuscript. The firm became insolvent, and Lambdin soon afterwards died. The surviving partner, Patterson, stated that he knew nothing definite in relation to this particular manuscript, but said that Lambdin, his former partner, took charge of all manuscripts left with the firm for inspection, and that a large mass of such manuscripts still remained, unread, upon their shelves, at the time of Lambdin's death. On receiving this information, the widow of Spaulding caused diligent search to be made for the desired manuscript, but it could not be found among the manuscripts remaining upon the shelves. This fact, in connection with subsequent developments, renders it certain that the missing manuscript had passed into the hands of Rigdon, by some means or other, but in what way could not be definitely ascertained.

In the year 1827, Rigdon left Pittsburgh and commenced his career as a preacher, and soon acquired a wide reputation as a controversialist.

He then began to promulgate new theories and strange doctrines. He had evidently conceived the idea of constructing a new religious creed. Soon after this, while preaching at Palmyra, N. Y., and in its vicinity, he made the acquaintance of Joe Smith, who professed to have the gift of prophecy, and found in him a kindred spirit. They became intimate, and soon afterwards projected the scheme by which the "Book of Mormon" was announced to the world as a Divine revelation. But it so happened that John Spaulding, the brother of Solomon Spaulding, and Henry Lake, had heard Solomon read his romance, entitled "The Manuscript Found," at different times previous to his death. They have both testified that they read the Book of Mormon, or Golden Bible, soon after it was published, and were surprised to find that it contained but little more than a repetition of the story related in the "Manuscript Found" of Solomon Spaulding, which they had heard him read. This fact convinced them that Rigdon had, in some way, come into possession of Spaulding's work, and had contrived, with the aid of Joe Smith, to give it the sanction of a new gospel by means of a miraculous discovery, as announced. Rigdon was a scholar, and doubtless revised the manuscript so as to adapt its story to his purpose. Joe Smith performed the "miracle" of translating it from

the golden plates. The truth of the matter is, that Rigdon was a man of learning, an aspirant for fame, acute and eloquent, while Smith was an ignoramus of low cunning, shrewd and plausible, and ambitious of being regarded as possessed of miraculous powers. Yet both were, in fact, nothing more than consummate "impostors."

On the announcement of the new gospel and its publication in book form, the curiosity of the public was very generally awakened. The Book of Mormon, or Golden Bible, as the publication was called, sold rapidly, and quite a number of credulous persons immediately embraced the new faith. They assumed the name of the "Latter Day Saints," and continued to increase in numbers. The leaders constituted the hierarchy of "Mormonism," and received accessions to their number, from time to time, of such professed converts as seemed to possess the requisite "tact and talent."

A colony of these "Latter Day Saints," under the guidance of Rigdon and Smith, took their departure from Palmyra, and arrived at Kirtland, Ohio, in October, 1830, where they purchased a square mile of excellent land, surveyed it into half acre lots, and near its center stuck, what they called, the "stake of Zion." Here they erected for themselves numerous dwellings, purchased adjoining farms, taught their new doc-

trines, and received rapid accessions to their numbers. Here on their favorite "Hill of Zion," where the stake was stuck, they erected a magnificent temple, at a cost of \$40,000, in which to worship; and under its shadow opened mercantile shops or stores, filled them with large stocks of goods purchased in New York, established a bank, and put into circulation a large amount of its notes.

In this way the colony obtained an extensive credit, and soon acquired unexpected wealth. But for the want of a sufficient specie basis, the bank soon became unable to redeem its notes. The result was a "panic." Creditors urged their claims, and lawsuit followed lawsuit. This state of things created such a degree of popular indignation as to induce these "Latter Day Saints" to remove in mass, to the State of Missouri, where they were received in an unfriendly manner, and were soon afterwards driven away by an armed force. They then located in the State of Illinois, where they built the town of Nauvoo, expecting to remain undisturbed. But persecution followed them. Here Joe Smith, their prophet and high priest, was killed, and Brigham Young installed in his place. It was he, who led them into the vast wilderness of the West, a "pillar of cloud" by day, and a "pillar of fire" by night. He explored the way as he advanced, discovered Salt

Lake valley, and declared it the "promised land," reserved for his followers. Here they arrived, after a journey of many months of untold suffering and peril, and founded a city, and built a temple. In the plains flows a beautiful river, to which they gave the name of Jordan. Here in its holy waters, they baptised their converts, and here they have become numerous, and are resolved to remain. Here they still flourish, in defiance of law and the usages of modern civilization. They have a "faith," and they keep their faith. If modifications are needed, they can readily obtain a new revelation to make them, and in this way, avoid an open collision with the government. "Mormonism," like "Mohammedanism," has its origin in imposture. Mankind have more than a thousand different religions, most of which are founded on imposture, or "pious frauds." All claim to have the one true religion. Who shall determine? "As a man thinketh, so is he." This is really all that can be said about creeds without provoking controversy.

Yet Mormonism has a "destiny" to accomplish, and though it may require centuries of time, it will accomplish it. Time sanctifies imposture, and clothes it in the habiliments of truth. Ignorance accepts it, and builds its hopes of immortality upon it. Brigham Young has already been canonized, and in all probability will

ultimately be "deified." Pilgrims from every quarter of the globe will come and kneel at his shrine, and revere his name. In other words, Salt Lake City will become the "Medina" of America. This may seem a fanciful prediction, but stranger things have happened.

Mormonism is but another version of Mohammodanism. Polygamy is its most obnoxious feature—a feature that should be at once eradicated. But, the truth is, our Government needs "nerve," yet no man needs more than one wife; and that one wife is not only enough, but often "one" too many, if we may judge from the great number of divorces annually granted by the courts throughout our "happy Union."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Ottawa, its Productions and Islands—Battle of Lake Erie—Burial of the dead at Put-in-Bay—Ashland a piece of patchwork—Daniel Carter its first settler—David Burns a grand juror—Early settlement at Jeromeville—Capt. Pipe, the Indian Chief—Fate of his daughter and her lover.

OTTAWA county was erected in 1840, and is composed of territory taken from Sandusky, Erie and Lucas counties. Its name is of Indian derivation, and signifies "trader." It was formerly a region productive of furs, and much visited by fur-traders. Though but a fractional part of its present territory originally belonged to the Western Reserve, it is entitled to its kindred share of consideration.

But few, if any, permanent settlements were made in Ottawa previous to 1830. Up to that time it was almost exclusively occupied by the aborigines, who were somewhat numerous. In

its geographical outline, it is essentially a peninsula, which extends into the Lake a considerable distance. Its chief natural productions are timber, limestone and cranberries. In its primitive condition it was but a basin of liquid mud, known as the Black Swamp, and resembled the lake-like "Dismal Swamp" of the South, on whose dark waters an Indian lover, it is said, pursued, in a canoe, the ghost of his love into its still darker interior, whence he never returned.

"And oft from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true
Are seen, at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the lake by a firefly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!"

The enterprising denizens of Ottawa, however, have converted the Black Swamp, by an artificial system of drainage, into a modern Eden. It is now a delightful region of country. The county seat is Port Clinton, a commercial town. It has a harbor, considerable trade, and is a thriving town. It was surveyed into town lots in 1827. The cluster of beautiful islands, well-known as the gems of Lake Erie, are located in its immediate vicinity. The civil jurisdiction of the county has been so extended as to include several of them. The group known as the "Put-in-Bay Islands," has been assigned to the jurisdiction of Erie county. The South Bass is the largest of

the group. It contains sandy caves of an interesting character, which were favorite resorts of the Indians in primitive times, and which attract, in the summer time, many visitors. In fact, these islands, generally, have now become popular as a region of fashionable resort in the hot months of the year, and furnish desirable inducements by way of accommodations. In the first place, Nature has embellished them with her magic fingers, and flung over them an air of enchantment, which is truly delightful. In the next place, the war of 1812, has invested them with an historical interest, which awakens in the breast of every true American an irrepressible feeling of patriotic pride.

It was in the vicinity of these islands that the celebrated battle of Lake Erie was fought, on the 10th of September, 1813, between the American fleet commanded by the gallant Commodore Perry, and the British fleet commanded by Commodore Barclay. The disparity between the two forces, the preliminary movements of the fleets, and the dash and bravery exhibited by Commodore Perry in the encounter, constitute such a remarkable series of activities, as have few, if any, parallels in the history of naval warfare.

The British fleet moved in a line of battle with six ships, bearing sixty-four guns, at sunrise, on the morning of the eventful 10th, in pursuit of the American fleet, and with an air of defiance

and confidence in its own strength. Commodore Perry, observing this movement of the enemy, brought his little fleet of fifty-four guns only into line, with as much dispatch as possible under the influence of adverse winds, and while struggling to keep his ships in line, the winds providentially changed in his favor, and as he neared the enemy, he ordered his union-jack, flaming with the words—"Don't give up the ship"—to be hoisted at masthead on his flag-ship Lawrence, which was instantly done, accompanied with three rousing cheers from his gallant crew. In a few moments a fearful fire was opened from the guns of the enemy upon the Lawrence, when Perry promptly returned the fire with terrible effect.

“And now, as maddening volleys rave,
Though Perry's flag-ship reels,
'Neath fire and smoke, with hand to save,
From ship to ship he steals;
And now the fate of Briton's brave
With one broadside he seals!

And now the decks are crimsoned o'er,
Swept by that iron hail,
And as the last gun boomed to shore
'Mid shouts and saddening wail,
Glad news to anxious hearts it bore
Afar on every gale!

Honor to him who fought to break
The grasp of sceptred pride;
The Hero, whose brave deeds awake
Within the heart's glad tide,
Proud memories, now, with Eric's Lake
And Perry's name, allied!”

The victory won by the heroic Perry carried with it, truly and emphatically, "glad news" to thousands of "anxious hearts" along the entire line of the Lake coast. It was well understood by the helpless American residents along the Southern borders of the Lake, that the allied British and Indian land forces, under command of Gen. Proctor and the Indian chief, Tecumseh, numbering in all some five thousand men, were waiting at Malden the result of the naval battle, and in the event the British fleet had triumphed, stood ready to proceed at once to ravage and pillage the American settlements along the entire Lake border from Detroit to Buffalo.

The unexpected result of the battle, however, defeated the enemy's scheme of indiscriminate massacre and plunder, and had the effect to restore peace and safety to our common country. No sooner had the brave Perry received the surrender of the British fleet, than he sent his famous dispatch to the War department, at Washington, announcing, with wonderful brevity, modesty and sublimity, the fact—"We have met the enemy, and they are ours." He then proceeded reverently to bury the slain at the island of Put-in-Bay, one of the beautiful group that begems the bosom of Lake Erie, where their ashes still rest, commemorated by the erection, near by, of a proud monument.

The territory of Ashland county is a piece of patchwork, surreptitiously clipped from the whole cloth of adjoining counties. The county was organized, in 1816, and embraces a fraction of land which was originally included in the Western Reserve, just enough in quantity and quality to give the county a tincture of puritanism, and a few dollars annually of the Western Reserve School Fund.

The lands of Ashland are rolling, rich, and productive, especially in wheat. The citizens are an intelligent and industrious people, chiefly devoted to agriculture. The greater part of the early settlers were emigrants from Pennsylvania, and, of course, lovers of wealth and accumulation. Their "mint" was the soil they tilled, and from whose abundant products they coined silver and gold. In this way they soon filled their long stockings with the precious metals.

The name of Ashland, was given to the county and to its present county seat, as a compliment to Henry Clay, the famous orator and statesman of Kentucky, whose homestead bore the same name. The county seat was surveyed and laid out into town lots as early as 1816, and received the name of Uniontown, which was subsequently changed to Ashland. The first cabin erected in the county, was built on the present site of the town of Ashland, in 1811, by Daniel Carter, who

was an emigrant from Butler county, Pa. The locality which he selected soon attracted other settlers, and soon became the nucleus of a promising town. The first store was opened by Joseph Sheets, which, with a half dozen log cabins and a blacksmith's shop, constituted the town. A school house and church were soon added, to say nothing of a whisky shop, or house of refreshment, for man and beast.

These were primitive days when most of the country remained a dense forest, and when highways were paved with fathomless mud, and short distances became very long to travel. It was during this early state of the country, that David Burns, who resided in this region, was summoned to attend court, in what is now, Belmont county, as a grand juror. This was the first grand jury ever convened in Ohio. It was convened as early as 1795. Burns, who had been summoned to court, was compelled to travel forty miles through an unbroken wilderness, and along the line of an old military road, whose foundations seemed to have fallen out, giving to the traveler more depth than breadth of way. He rode on horseback, and occupied three days in accomplishing the journey. He had resided within the territory, now composing Ashland county, some years prior to 1795, and was spoken of as an "old settler." After

the county was organized, it so happened that this famous old settler was summoned on the grand jury, to attend the first Court of Common Pleas held in the county. Though somewhat aged, he seemed to possess the vigor of youth, crowned with the laurels of a green old age. He may therefore be considered as a man, *de jure*, of great usefulness and wisdom in the criminal administration of justice, and was doubtless so regarded by the lawless, who feared nothing but justice.

It is said that the earliest settlement made in Ashland county, was at Jeromeville, a town which took its name from Jerome, a Frenchman, who was the first settler. In fact, this was the only settlement within the present limits of the county during the war of 1812. The town at that date consisted of some half dozen families, who protected themselves against the incursions of the Indians by enclosing the space they occupied with a formidable array of pickets. They expected an attack, and would in all probability have been massacred, except for the fact that Jerome, the father of the settlement, had married a squaw for a wife, who was the daughter of an Indian warrior. There were several tribes who were hostile to the white settlers, occupying the northwestern part of the territory at this time, and who had threatened to exterminate every

white man, woman and child, to be found within the limits of their hunting grounds. It was from these hostile tribes that the Jerome settlement had reason to expect a merciless attack.

The Delaware Indians, a friendly tribe, to which the wife of Jerome belonged, and who had been located near the settlement he had commenced, took their departure soon after the outbreak of the war with the Western Indians, and sought homes where the facilities for hunting and fishing were more ample and reliable at all seasons of the year. In their excursions, whether pertaining to war or hunting and fishing, they were led by a distinguished old chief known to the whites as Captain Pipe. He was, when young, a renowned warrior and an implacable foe of the white race, but later in life became much less vindictive, both in temper and spirit. He possessed a high degree of self-respect, and entertained a sensitive regard for his own honor and that of his kindred. He had made for himself and for his warriors a proud record in the battle which resulted in the memorable defeat of Gen. St. Clair, and boasted that he had slain in the bloody fight so many white men with his own hatchet that he became tired and could wield it no longer.

He did not approve of contracting family alliances beneath his own rank and dignity. His daughter, who was an only child, was a favorite,

and possessed a native modesty and beauty truly magical. Her charms had fascinated a brave and noble young warrior, who belonged to a tribe of less renown than her own, and whose love she reciprocated with a sincerity that could not be doubted. Nothing was wanting to consummate the attachment but the consent of her father. This the brave young warrior sought to obtain, but received a positive denial. The shock was too much for the young brave. He saw that he had "loved and lost," and, sorrowing, no longer desired to live. He ate the poisonous Mayapple and died. She sank into a deep melancholy, and soon died of a broken heart. They were buried, side by side, in the depths of the solitude and beneath the watchful shadows of the silent forest—now the land of a civilized race.

"Two low, green hillocks, two small gray stones,
Rose over the place that held their bones ;
But the grassy hillocks are leveled again,
And the keenest eye might search in vain,
'Mong briars and ferns, and paths of sheep,
For the spot where the loving couple sleep."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Mahoning, why so named—Abounds in Coal, Iron and Salt Springs—John Young—Caufield and Youngstown—Enterprising population—Murder of Kribs and of two other men—Terrible fight with Indian marauders on the river banks of Yellow Creek.

MAHONING county is a clip from the skirts of Trumbull and Columbiana. It was organized in 1846. Its name is derived from the Indian word "Mahonink," signifying "at the lick," or "salt springs." It has sufficient Western Reserve territory within its limits to give its population a kindred recognition.

The county is rich in mineral wealth, especially in coal, iron and salt. Its citizens are principally devoted to mining, manufacturing, and agriculture. It is a region of picturesque hills and vales, and has many interesting localities which are known to history. Its natural resources have been already developed to a considerable extent.

The music of the mill, the forge, the hammer, and the pick, is everywhere heard throughout its borders. The products of its manufactories have become extensive, and enter largely into the commerce of our common country. Its mines are inexhaustible.

Canfield was the original county seat, but after a severe political contest the "seat" was transferred to Youngstown, which has now become one of the most beautiful cities in the interior of the State. Many of the residences of its citizens are palatial, indicating, what is true, a high degree of social refinement. John Young, who settled here in 1798, was the original proprietor of the township. From him the city derives its name. The first postoffice was established here in 1802. John Young was appointed Postmaster. He was one of the renowned pioneers of the early times, and a man for the times, wise, shrewd, and benevolent. He has left behind him a noble record.

Adventurers, as early as 1785, penetrated this region, and erected log cabins at Salt Springs, for the purpose of engaging in the manufacture of salt. They were regarded as intruders, and, by order of Gen. Harmar, were dispersed in the course of the same year. The cabins were subsequently used for the storage of goods, and a man by the name of Kribs was sent there to take

charge of the goods. While in charge, he was attacked and cruelly murdered by the Indians, who claimed the exclusive right to the springs. Col. Hillman, who was passing soon afterwards through the country, discovered the mangled remains of the murdered man lying near one of the cabin doors, partially devoured by the wolves. The Indians had stolen the goods. He reported the facts, and the friends of the unfortunate man gathered the fragments of his remains and buried them in the vicinity of the springs. Within a short time after this sad occurrence, James Morrow and Samuel Simerson, while on their return from Sandusky, were overtaken and killed by the Indians, at Eagle Creek, west of Cleveland, with the evident design on the part of the murderers to appropriate the guns, ammunition, and other valuables belonging to their victims. So hostile had the Indians become, at this time, that it was dangerous for any white man, unless protected by a military guard, or escort, to traverse the wilderness in any direction. The reason of this was that many of the Indians had been shamefully cheated by mercenary traders, and, as a natural consequence, felt disposed to retaliate, whenever an opportunity occurred. The Indians, however, while treated kindly and justly, were generally peaceful, and very willing to engage in commer-

cial intercourse with the white men, whom they called their "pale-face brothers."

In the olden time, about the year 1782, a plundering party of seven Wyandot Indians from the region of Fort Pitt, Pa., entered a small white settlement, located in the interior of Ohio, not far distant from the southern limit of Mahoning county, where they found an old man alone in his cabin, whom they killed and plundered. They then took a hasty departure. As soon as the denizens of the settlement learned what had occurred, they dispatched a party of eight of their best riflemen in pursuit, led by the two famous brothers, Adam and Andrew Poe.

The Wyandot Chief, who led the marauders, was a giant in size and strength, as well as a brave and shrewd warrior. After a hot pursuit of one day and night, the white men struck upon the trail of the Indians, and finally overtook them, hid in ambush on the banks of a river, probably Yellow Creek, and within the limits of Mahoning county. The Indians had discovered the approach of their hostile pursuers. In view of this state of things, both parties sought an advantage by adopting a system of cautious movements.

At this juncture, the captain of the white men, Andrew Poe, undertook to reconnoiter the outlines of the Indian ambuscade, and with this

intent, crept carefully along the margin of the river, beneath the overhanging branches of the trees, when he discovered an Indian raft lying close ashore, apparently deserted. He cocked his rifle and approached the raft with noiseless step, but had advanced but a few paces, when he discovered the gigantic Wyandot Chief, with a small Indian approaching him. The Chief was armed with a rifle, but was looking in the wrong direction to see Poe, who instantly lifted his rifle to his cheek, took aim at the Chief and drew trigger, but missed fire. The click of the lock was heard by the Indians, who at the same moment discovered Poe. In this dilemma, and quick as thought, Poe dropped his useless rifle, and sprang like a tiger upon the gigantic Wyandot, disarmed him, and, at the same time grasping the small Indian by the neck, succeeded in laying both prostrate on their backs. The small Indian extricated himself in the struggle, sprang to his feet, ran to the raft, and returned with a tomahawk to dispatch Poe, who was now in turn held fast to the ground in the grasp of the gigantic Chief. The small Indian lifted his fatal weapon to strike Poe on the head, but, in the "twinkling of an eye," received a violent kick in the abdomen from Poe, which felled him to the ground. The Chief "sneered" in derision at the small Indian for his failure in dealing the deadly blow.

In the meantime Poe by a desperate effort broke from the grasp of the Chief, seized his gun which lay at a little distance from them, and killed the small Indian on the spot.

And now came the "tug of war." The gigantic Wyandot and Andrew Poe seized each other with renewed grasp, strong as iron, and in the struggle for the mastery, both rolled down the steep river bank, topsy-turvy, into the water. Here they attempted to drown each other by thrusting each other's heads under the water. At last Poe caught his antagonist by the hair and held his head under the water until he thought him drowned, but on relaxing his grip, discovered that he was mistaken. The old Wyandot lifted his head above the wave, and at once renewed the contest. At this time, each had floated beyond his depth, and were rapidly carried down stream in the rush of the current. Aware of this, both relaxed their grasp, and swam for the shore; the Indian out-swam Poe, and reached the shore considerable in advance, caught up one of the guns and leveled it at Poe as he neared the land, while Poe, seeing his danger, dived into the depth of the stream to avoid the effect of the expected bullet; but, as luck would have it, it proved to be the gun with which Poe had shot the small Indian, and before the chief could reload, Adam Poe, the brother of Andrew, happened to arrive in sight, when An-

drew cried out to him, "shoot the Indian;" but Adam's rifle was unloaded, and, of course, he could not obey. The contest now lay between Adam and the Indian, in seeing which could first load his gun and shoot the other. In his haste, the Indian dropped his ramrod into the brush before he had driven down the bullet, and was delayed in recovering it. This enabled Adam to finish loading his gun first, when he instantly leveled it and shot the Indian, who fell at his feet. He then rushed into the river to assist his brother Andrew in reaching the shore, but Andrew declined his assistance and directed him to secure the scalp of the fallen chief as a trophy, lest he should, in his agonies, roll into the river, and perhaps escape. At this moment, another man of the white party arrived on the bluff bordering on the river, and not knowing what had happened, mistook Andrew swimming to shore for an Indian and shot him in the shoulder. This was a serious disaster; yet Andrew was quickly rescued and placed on land, and though crippled by the wound, continued to render valuable services in the fight with the five other Indians, still remaining in ambush. Adam Poe secured the scalp of the big Chief, who, as was anticipated by Andrew, rolled into the river and disappeared beneath its waters, never to rise again.

The two brothers, Adam and Andrew Poe, now

held a brief "council of war," and resolved to rejoin their "companions in arms," who were supposed to be at the station assigned them on the river bank, about a mile distant. The brothers had not proceeded far before they heard a brisk exchange of shots between their comrades and the remaining five Indians. They examined their rifles, quickened their steps, and soon arrived at the scene of action. Here they found that four of the five Indians had been killed, while the other had fled, and that three of their comrades had fallen in the desperate fight. Though gratified with the chastisement they had inflicted on the Indian marauders, the surviving five white men gathered their slain comrades, and bore them back, with saddened hearts, to the settlement, where their remains received a Christian burial.

This was one of the severest conflicts, between Indians and white settlers, ever known to occur on our Western borders. No braver men ever lived than Adam and Andrew Poe, nor braver Indians than the Wyandot Chief and his four brothers, who were of the Indian party. While the white settlement mourned its loss with inconsolable grief, the Wyandot tribe were not less grieved at the loss of their giant Chief and his four valiant brothers.

CHAPTER XXX.

Smoke descried—Unexpected meeting of old friends—The price of whisky in Deer Skin currency—A social jollification—The joke too good to keep—Another version of the McMahon conflict with the Indians—The Pioneer life and Modern life of the Western Reserve.

IN the summer of 1796, Col. James Hillman was returning in a canoe down the Mahoning, from one of his trading expeditions, when he discovered a smoke rising on the river bank, near the present locality of Youngstown. His desire to learn the cause of it, induced him to land. On approaching the spot, he found John Young, the proprietor of the township, and a surveyor by the name of Wolcott, with an axeman and two chainmen, encamped before a comfortable fire for the night, and ready to commence a survey of the lands the next morning. The meeting was as pleasant as it was unexpected. Young proposed to purchase a

quart of whisky from Hillman, with a view to have a jollification. Hillman happened to have several gallons still unsold, which remained in his canoe, and which he promptly offered to donate to his early friend, or as much of it as he desired. But Young replied that it was his company, and that he desired to furnish the treat at his own expense, and at the same time inquired of Hillman the price at which he sold whisky to the Indians. In reply, Hillman disclosed, to some extent, the profits of his commercial intercourse with the Indians, by informing his friend that he had been selling whisky to the natives, at a dollar a quart, and received deerskins in payment at a dollar a piece, and doeskins at fifty cents, when Young, having no money with him, instantly seized the deerskin which he had spread on the ground for a bed, and gave it to Hillman, in payment for a quart of whisky. This settled the matter of privilege, and the entire party passed the evening in social merriment, until a late hour, enlivened with frequent potations of the stimulating beverage. Instead of a quart, however, Hillman shared the expense of the treat by supplying the jug with thrice that quantity, which was drained by the party to the "last drop." The sun was approaching the meridian when the convivialists awoke, the next morning. They felt that they had shared the

"dreams of sleepy hollow," without taking any definite note of the "flight of time." They all agreed to keep the "secret," but some how or other, the "bird" escaped. The truth was, that Young, who was a "devout man," had sold his deerskin, and was, therefore, unable to "take up his bed and walk."

The story of that night's conviviality soon reached the ears of his friends throughout the white settlement, who delighted to speak of the occurrence and indulge in a hearty laugh at Young's expense, both in his presence and out of it, whenever attention was called to the subject. It was regarded as a "joke too good to keep," yet Young and Hillman ever remained the best of friends, and were honored by all who knew them. They were prominent among the worthy fathers who laid the foundations, broad and deep, of our Western Reserve civilization and present prosperity.

The following is a second version of the account given in a preceding chapter, of the attack made by McMahon and Story, on the Indians, at Salt Springs, in 1800. Both versions seem to be substantiated by authorities equally credible, yet the second may be accepted as essentially correct, though including some additional facts. The probability is, that a number of other reckless white men accompanied McMahon and Story in

this unprovoked encounter with the Indians, and that some half dozen, instead of two only, of the Indians, were killed by the assailants. At any rate, the Indians regarded the attack as a flagrant wrong, and resolved to take vengeance on the white men by massacring the entire population, both at Warren and Youngstown. This created universal alarm in both settlements. The citizens held a consultation with a view to take immediate steps to pacify the Indians, if possible, and thus avert the threatened massacre.

The result was that the citizens selected Col. Hillman, who for eight years had held commercial intercourse with the Indians, and could speak their language, to visit them, and make an effort to bring about a reconciliation. Though, feeling doubtful of success, and of his personal safety, the Colonel accepted the mission, and proceeded at once to execute it, in connection with his confidential friend, Randall. They took no arms with them, but bore a white flag, indicating that they sought a friendly interview. They traveled on horseback, and the next morning, at sunrise, discovered a band of Indians asleep in camp, seventeen in number, with guns and powder-horns resting on forked sticks near them and ready for any emergency. A squaw discovered their approach, and gave the alarm. The seventeen warriors sprang to their feet and

seized their guns, but seeing Col. Hillman and Randall, whom they readily recognized, riding into their camp, unarmed, all suspicions of harm and treachery were removed, and dropping their guns, received their visitors with civility.

The principal chief, Onondaga George, who was well acquainted with Col. Hillman, exhibited a high degree of excitement, and commenced conversation at once on the subject of the recent murders. Hillman insisted that the citizens of the settlements should not be assailed and made to suffer for the wrongs committed by the perpetrators of the murders, and that he would see that the murderers, whoever they might be, should be arrested and tried for their crimes, and if found guilty, hanged. He then suggested that McMahan was the leader of the party who made the attack, and that steps had already been taken by the whites to secure his arrest, with any others who could be identified as participators in the bloody affair.

The Chief seemed to acquiesce in this view of the matter as just, but said nothing could be done without the concurrence of his ally, a chieftain known as "Capt. Peters," who at this time was on his way from Deerfield, with an armed band of braves, and would arrive during that day. In a few hours, Capt. Peters arrived with his braves, "prepared for war." The moment this stern old

Chief saw Hillman, he "scowled" in contempt and with a look of defiance. Hillman made an effort by kind and conciliatory words to pacify him, but without success.

At this crisis, the two Chiefs stepped aside and held an excited interview, speaking in the Seneca language, which they supposed Hillman did not understand; yet he happened to be familiar with that tongue, and comprehended all they said. Chief George labored to convince Peters that an amicable adjustment of their grievances should be made as proposed by Hillman, but Peters insisted that Hillman and Randall should be killed on the spot.

The Chiefs then concluded their private interview, and united with the entire band of warriors in consultation. - Randall began to tremble with alarm, and proposed to Hillman that they should mount their horses and escape. But Hillman would not consent, because he knew from the fact that the Indians had stacked their guns, that there was no immediate danger, and directed Randall to take a nearer station and watch their actions, telling him that if he saw any one of them painting himself "black," it meant "death." In that event, he was directed to seize instantly at least two of their guns, so that they could sell their lives as dearly as possible. But no definite action appeared to be taken, and the conclave became silent.

Hillman then approached and beckoned Capt. Peters aside, and in a low tone of voice, unheard by the conclave, offered him a liberal "bribe" in money with other valuable gifts, if he would go on a business errand for him to the storehouse at the mouth of the Cuyahoga river, and give up the expedition against the settlements. The bribe was accepted, and the warriors disbanded. Col. Hillman with his friend Randall, returned to the settlement at Youngstown. The "glad tidings" of the result, came like sunshine in a dark hour, and abated the "alarm" which had been so intensely felt by the white population. Yet fears, as to what might happen, still existed. All felt that no time should be lost in bringing McMahon and Story to a speedy trial. But before the day set, Story made his escape from jail. No others had been arrested, though it was believed that several other persons were involved in the unfortunate affair.

When the day of trial arrived McMahon was brought in chains before the court, held at Youngstown by Judges Return J. Meigs and Benjamin Ives. The Indian chief, Capt. Peters, was invited to sit on the bench with them. Gilman, Backus and Tod, attorneys, were assigned by the court to prosecute the case in behalf of the people. Semple, Edwards and Tappan were assigned as counsel to defend the accused. The

prisoner, McMahon, was arraigned, and by advice of his counsel plead "not guilty" to the charge contained in the indictment. The jury was called and sworn, and after a preliminary statement, made by one of the prosecuting attorneys, the witnesses were called and solemnly sworn. They were numerous, and composed of both white men and Indians. The testimony was fully heard. One of the defendant's witnesses swore that he saw McMahon "retreat" a few steps, as if to avoid a fight, when he suddenly turned and shot his antagonist. This fact made an impression on the minds of the jury favorable to the accused. Capt. Peters noticed the apparent effect of this testimony, and at once exclaimed—"ugh"—with a characteristic shrug of the shoulders. Here the testimony closed. Able arguments were made by the attorneys on both sides. The court charged the jury, who then retired, and after consultation, returned a verdict of "not guilty," believing the shot was fired in self-defense, and hence McMahon was acquitted, though believed by his fellow-citizens generally to be guilty.

The chief, Capt. Peters, admitted that the trial was fair and impartial, and expressed himself satisfied with the result, and so advised his tribe. From this time forward, the white settlements maintained peaceful relations with the Indians

resident in their vicinity, with the exception of occasional difficulties of a minor character.

History presents the Western Reserve as it now appears, in two aspects—its pioneer life, and its modern life. Its pioneer life has bequeathed to us many valuable lessons of wisdom. These lessons are golden fruits—not such as were grown in the garden of the Hesperides—but such as have grown from a wilderness, subdued by the patient toils and hardships of brave men, and resolute women, who were, for the most part, emigrants from New England, where they had been educated, in the days of their youth, in the precepts of the Bible, and in the Puritanic doctrines of the “Old Assembly’s Catechism.” They left the land of their birth to improve their condition. What little wealth they possessed, consisted mainly in pluck and enterprise. They came to conquer a wilderness, and they conquered it. They sought a “land of promise,” and realized it.

The secret of their success may be traced to the moral principles, which characterized their education. Hence, they practiced economy, and led a frugal life, commensurate with their limited means. They built log cabins in which to dwell; log school-houses in which to educate their children; and log churches in which to worship God. They had faith, not only in God, but in

themselves. They regarded each other as a common brotherhood, and helped each other "in time of need." They looked ahead, and went ahead. Ever mindful of their responsibilities to both God and man, they have left to their posterity a rich inheritance, rich in lands, and rich in lessons of wisdom. But now—

"With all their virtues, plain and stern,
The good old times have sped,
And now the wisdom which we learn,
Turns giddy every head;
And yet 'tis wrong, I ween, to spurn
Our old ancestral dead !

They earned by toil whate'er they had,
Since Heaven ordained it so ;
Nor with the fashions went they mad,
Nor cramped they waist or toe ;
Nor like the lily, pale and sad,
Looked every belle and beau.
The girls were taught to spin and weave,
The boys to hold the plough ;
'Twas then thought wise, and, I believe,
As wise it might be now,
If people would their scheming leave,
And live by sweat of brow."

The modern life of the Western Reserve is indebted to its pioneer life for its success, and for its leading traits of character. Yet this modern life has some "peculiar traits" of its own. It has wealth, and indulges in luxuries. It resides in palaces, and assumes the airs of nobility. It

has many social virtues, and some social vices. It is proud of its many sons and daughters, and they are proud of their parentage. It has a high order of intelligence, and maintains a high order of popular education. It moves in the first circles, and creates the first circles. It aims high, and seldom fails to achieve its aim. It reveres great men, and rears great men. It is a power in church and State, and makes its influence felt in church and State. It recognizes its past and its present, but has no prophet, who can predict its "future."

It is a trait of human character, as commendable perhaps as it is universal, which induces a reverence for the past, especially for its heroic men and noble women, and their achievements. This tendency to clothe the past with the garb of sanctity enriches the field of human thought, and awakens reminiscences which constitute the "golden link" that binds the hearts and lives of those who have borne the "heat and burden of the day" in the by-gone years, when the "battle of life" was but an unrelenting struggle for the mastery of a wilderness and its elevation to a realm of human happiness and social refinement. It is these cherished reminiscences, shared by the early settlers and surviving pioneers of the Western Reserve, which are recognized as the ties of a tried friendship and the cement of a common brotherhood. Hence it is that they enjoy annual

festive assemblages, and crown such occasions with a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." We, who are of them, feel proud of our fraternal relationship.

"Still pilgrims in a favored land,
Who long have lingered on the way,
How blest to meet and grasp the hand,
And crown with joy our festive day.
And tell of years whose scenes return,
Like shadows on our pathway cast,
And catch, from living lips that burn,
The fleeting memories of the past.
And while we trace from whence we sprung,
And early friend-ships fain renew,
Still let us dream that we are young,
And, though a dream, believe it true.
Nor days forget when first we heard
Life's battle-cry, and sought the field;
When lofty aims our bosoms stirred,
And faith had armed us with her shield.
'Twas courage, then, with youthful zeal,
That led us onward, flushed with pride;
'Tis years, now ripe, that make us feel
How swiftly glides life's ebbing tide!
Yet while we here prolong our stay,
We'll keep our pledge of love and truth;
And when we pass the darkened way,
Ascend and share immortal youth."

Philosophers say that every thing "moves in a circle." This may be doubted; but the fact that every thing "moves" cannot be questioned. The pioneer life of the Reserve was born to conquer, and it won the victory. In due time, the same may be said of its modern life. The one has run

its career and left but few survivors. The other has but commenced its career, and still looks to the future for the achievement of its high aims. The one relied on its pluck, muscle, and heroism for its success; the other relies on its brains, its inventions, and its material wealth for its triumphs. Both have their merits and demerits, their virtues and their vices. The early settlers, especially the few survivors of the primitive times, still entertain and cherish the belief that the "olden times," both morally and socially, were purer, better and more enjoyable than these "modern times." Hence they all unite with "one accord" in the sentiment of the song—

"Give me the good old days again!
When hearts were true and manners plain;
When boys were boys till fully grown,
And baby belles were never known;
When doctor's bills were light and few,
And lawyers had not much to do;
When honest toil was well repaid,
And theft had not become a trade.

"Give me the good old days again!
When cider was not called champagne;
When round the fire, in wintry weather
Dry jokes and nuts were cracked together;
When girls their lovers battled for,
With seeds from juicy apple's core;
While mam and dad looked on with glee,
Well pleased their merriment to see.

"Give me the good old days again!
When only healthy meat was slain;
When flour was pure and milk was sweet,
And sausages were fit to eat;

When children early went to bed,
And ate no sugar on their bread;
When lard was not turned into butter,
And tradesmen only truth could utter.
“ Give us the good old days again!
When women were not proud and vain;
When fashion did not sense outrun,
And tailors had no need to dun;
When wealthy parents were not fools,
And common sense was taught at schools;
When hearts were warm, and friends were true,
And Satan had not much to do.”

Though a prophet may have “ no honor in his own country,” yet it may be safe to predict that the modern life of the Western Reserve, grand and noble as it is, has an “ unborn future ” that is destined to excel our brightest anticipations, in all that pertains to wealth, population and intelligence. Comparatively it is still in its infancy; yet it has the capacity of a giant. Its elements of strength are still unknown to itself, and only need development. It has a soil capable of sustaining a population equal in numbers to its number of acres—three and a half millions. In view of its schools, its churches, its Christian civilization, all of the highest order, and still advancing in the facilities they afford, it becomes as impossible as it is audacious for any one, however wise he may be, to affix a limit to the ultimate moral power and material aggrandisement of the WESTERN RESERVE.

